OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1836. NEW SERIES—VOL. VI. No 28.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of "T. L." from Huntsville, Ala., is respectfully declined. If the circumstances actually transpired as he relates, they come within the province of a judicial tribunal, and the parties should not only be ruled off every race track, but sent to the States prison. We cannot but believe the statements of "A Friend to Sport" are greatly exaggerated.

An editorial article, on a Rule of the N. Y. Jockey Club in relation to Trainers and Riders is postponed until next Saturday.

The Letters of our Foreign Correspondents prevent the insertion of various articles already in type, which would contribute to make up our usual variety. The letters, however, are peculiarly interesting, as containing a great variety of Sporting, Fashionable, and Green-room Intelligence.

A. M.'s letter from Buffalo would fill a page; we have not half so much room at command.

D. W. of Franklin, Mo., writes that he is just married and all that sort of thing, and tries to persuade us to follow suit. We like his arguments well enough, but——(blow) his theory. In consideration of the two shillings postage we paid on his letter, he may immortalize his first boy by christening him CORINTHIAN TOM—if his wife will let him.

Miss CLIFTON *did* lead the business one season at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, when united under Bunn's management, in 1834-5.

By Friday's morning mails several communications were received that will claim a place next week. W. E. B. is especially welcome.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, July 22, 1836.

I have little to communicate, having written at length a few days ago.

It is generally credited that France will interfere at once, in favor of the Queen's party in Spain, unless the contest be terminated by the marriage of Don Carlos's son with his cousin, the baby-Queen of Spain.

All foreigners in the military service of Greece are to be discharged forthwith: they will be allowed funds to carry them home, or the option of settling in Greece, as civilians.

Charles Kemble's eldest son (John) is to be editor of a radical newspaper to be started in London by Mr. T. W. Beaumont, M. P.

You may now go from London to Paris for *nine* shillings: so much for the good effects of competition.

Ellen Tree has been *very* ill—but is now recovered, and appears this evening, at the Haymarket, as *Julia* [!!] in the School for Scandal.

The *Bons Sens* (of Paris) remarks that since the conclusion of Alibeau's trial the King comes to Paris only at a late hour at night, always escorted by a party of cavalry, and that he remains in the capital but an hour or two.

O'Connell has been entertained by the Radicals of Rochester, at a public dinner.—The "rent" in England already amounts to 7000*l.*! He calculated that one farthing per week from one-eighth of the Irish population will make a national rent for Ireland to the amount of 50,000*l.* per annum.

London is particularly dull: nothing new in letters, politics, fashion, or theatricals.—My next letter shall supply any particular worth mention.

The Ministers are on ticklish ground, having quarrelled, on the English Church Bill, with the Hume section of the Commons.

Jerrold has written a new serio-comic burletta—produced at the Strand Theatre, and called *The Bill Sticker*, or an Old House in the City.—It is full of wit: sometimes forced,—but always amusing. Hammond is the Bill sticker.

Drury Lane Theatre is not yet taken. Bunn will have it—if he can.

Rice has made a decided hit at the Surrey Theatre—he can command his own terms at any London Theatre. At the Surrey he has $75 a-week, exclusive of benefits. A new piece, called *O Hush*, or the Werginny Kupids, has been re-written for him, and it is capital,—fun first, last, and in the middle.

I think I have now exhausted my budget:—Good bye!

STILL LATER FROM LIVERPOOL.

By the *Geo. Washington*, Capt. Holdredge, the Liverpool packet of the 24th July, we have received copious supplies of papers, and additional letters from our Correspondents. We are enabled to anticipate all our contemporaries in giving the result of the Liverpool races, [the 1st day's races will be found in a Liverpool letter in another column.] Our Correspondent writes as follows:—

LIVERPOOL RACES, Wednesday, June 20.—Birdlime has won the Trades' Cup, with the odds 10 to 1 against her. Here's the official report:—

The Trade Cup, value 200 sovs, with 100 in specie, added to a Handicap of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and only 5, &c. The winner to pay 30 sovs to the judge, and the second to receive 50 sovs out of the Stakes. Two miles. 60 subs, of whom 21 declared within the prescribed time.

Hon. E. Mostyn's b m *Birdlime*, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb (Darling) 1
Sir J. Boswell's ch h General Chasse, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb 2

The following were not placed:—Lord Kelburne's Miss Whip, Mr. Bowes's Mundig, Lord Derby's Verbena, Gen. Sharpe's Myrrha, Duke of Leeds's Linginus, Lord Westminster's Oswald, Mr. J. Robinson's Stockport, Lord Kelburne's b c by Jerry, out of Purity, Mr. Foulis's br c De Roos, Mr Allen's Promise, and Mr. G. Robinson's Whaley. Betting, 6 to 4 agst Gen. Chasse, 4 to 1 agst Oswald, 5 to 1 agst Verbena, 9 to 1 agst Mundig, 10 to 1 agst Birdlime, and 14 to 1 agst Longinus. The lot got off at the first attempt, De Roos having a trifling lead, with Miss Whip, Verbena, Mundig, and Promise at his quarters, and the rest clustered together at their heels. De Roos made very poor running for about half the distance, when Stockport went in front, followed by Mundig, De Roos lying with them. At the Bridge-turn the pace increased, and the string began to lengthen. Stockport kept his advantage round the last turn, General Chasse, Birdlime, Oswald, and Longinus, drawing upon him all the way up to the distance, where Chasse took the lead, but for a moment only, as Darling brought up his mare, and the General, after a good deal of "corporal punishment," was defeated cleverly by a length. Stockport was third, Longinus fourth, and Oswald fifth; a long tail behind, with Verbena and the Purity colt at the extreme end of it. Run in 3m. 35s.

The Foal Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft; colts, 8st 6lb; and fillies, 8st 3lb. Once round and a distance. 5 subs.

Lord Westminster's c by Teniers, out of Bombasine (Nat) 1
Mr. W. Turner's c Blackbird, by Peter Lely 2
Sir T. Stanley's ch c Japhet 3

Betting, 7 to 4 on Bombasine.—The running for the first three quarters of a mile was made by Blackbird at a slow pace; Bombasine then took it up at first rate speed, put his horses in difficulty at the distance, and won easily by a length.

The Wilton Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft; colts, 8st 5lb; and fillies, 8st 2lb. One mile. 4 subs.

Mr. Allanson's ch f *Vulture*, 3lb extra (M. Jones) 1
Lord Wilton's b f Grenada 2

Betting, 10 to 1, and in running 20 to 1, on Vulture, which took the lead at a strong pace, had beaten her antagonist half a mile from home, and won in a common canter by three or four lengths. Pye Annot and Trapball started, but were not placed.

Match, 50, once round and a distance.—Mr. Holland's Moses, aged, 10st 2lb, beat Mr. Williamson s ch g Monkey, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb.

The Publican's Purse of 50 sovs; the winner to be sold for 100, if demanded in the usual way. Heats, once round.

Mr. Williams's Miss Rachael, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (Lye) 1 1
Mr. Roberts's Aratus, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb 2 2

Betting, 2 to 1 on Miss Rachael.—Both heats won easily.

THURSDAY.—The St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs each, p.p., with 100 added; colts, 8st 6lb; fillies, 8st 3lb. Mile and three quarters. 14 subs.

Mr. Dawson's Locomotive (Lye) 1
Lord Westminster's b c by Teniers, out of Bombasine 2
Mr. Robinson's Whaley 3

Handicap of 10 sovs each, and 80 added by Lord Derby. One mile. 7 subs.

Mr. T. Johnson's Jupiter, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (Darling) 1
Mr. Nanney's Cymro, 4 yrs, 8st 2
Mr. Robinson's The General, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb 3

The following also started:—Sir J. Boswell's Bella, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb; and Lord Derby's Donald, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb

Match, 50 p.p., T.Y.C. Lord Derby's ro c Parolles, 8st 2lb (Arthur, jun.), beat Mr. W. Patten's f by The Colonel, d by Comus, 8st.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. Heats, two miles.

Hon. E. Mostyn's Tom Shipman, 3 yrs (Lye) 0 1 0 1
Mr. Houldsworth's Turban, 4 yrs 1 3 0 2
Mr. W. Turner's Blackburn, 3 yrs ..... 2 4 3 dr
Mr. G. Cookes Red Rover, 5 yrs ..... 0 2 4 dr
Mr. Barrow's Catharina, 6 yrs ..... 0 dr

[Our correspondent sent off bulletins to the packet twice a day, as she was hourly expected to leave the port. On Thursday afternoon the following note was forwarded from the race track, with the result of the race for his Majesty's Plate above]:—

General Chasse is *rather* a favorite for the Stand Cup, which will be ran for this afternoon. But his defeat on Wednesday, for the Trades' Cup, has very materially staggered the confidence of his backers.

There is exceedingly little doing in the betting line. The sportsmen of Manchester and Liverpool are too much occupied with their own local bets to think of the Goodwood or the Doncaster.

The odds on the Trades' Cup race (Liverpool) on Thursday were thus:—

5 to 10 agst Sir J. Boswel's General Chasse
9 to 2 — Lord Westminster's Oswald
8 to 1 — Lord Derby's Verbena
8 to 1 — Mr. Bowes's Mundig
20 to 1 — Mr. Mostyn's Birdlime.

I suppose that 30,000*l.* have changed hands on this race. Mostyn is lucky:—he owned the Queen of Trumps, winner of last year's Doncaster St. Leger.

FRIDAY.—The Liverpool races concluded yesterday, and I send you the return per the *Geo. Washington*, which must be exclusive in the Spirit of the Times. "No other paper has the news," I dare swear.

The Stanley Stakes of 20 sovs each, h ft, with 30 added. T.Y.C.

Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn's ch c *Bangalore*, 2 yrs (Cartwright) 1
Sir James Boswell's b c *Calendar*, 2 yrs 2
Marquis of Westminster's b f Sarcasm, 3 yrs 3

Grenada and Vulture paid forfeit.

This was a fine race, and won cleverly by Bangalore. Bets were so heavy against him, that one gentleman offered 5000*l.* for him *before* the race, to make him lose. The offer was rejected, very properly.

The Stand Cup, or Piece of Plate, value 100 sovs, added to a subscription of 10 sovs each. The second horse to receive 20 sovs out of the stake. Open to all ages.

Sir James Boswell's ch h Gen. Chasse, 5 yrs (Holmes) 1
Mr. Bowes's ch c Mundig, 4 yrs 2
Sir James Boswell's b m Bella, 5 yrs ..... fell

Verbena, Jacob Faithful, Billinge, Intriguer, Juper, Inheritor, Touchstone, De Roos, and Birdlime paid forfeit.

Gen. Chasse was the favorite spite of being beaten on Wednesday by Birdlime for the Handicap. Bella's jocky was flung—said to be "accidentally on purpose." The General, as usual, was lazy at starting, and was awfully flogged on. At last he took it in earnest, "and no mistake." Mundig was fairly beaten.

The Knowsley's Dinner Stakes of 100 sovs each, h ft. Once round.

Hon. E. M. Ll. Mostyn's br c Trapball, by Battledore (Nat) 1
Lord Westminster's ch c by Sultan, out of Rachel (yellow) 2

Four paid forfeit.

The Farmer's Plate of 70 sovs, free for any horse. Two mile heats.

Duke of Leeds' br g Zohrab, 5 yrs (Templeman) 1 3 1
Mr. Houldsworth's br c Hectic, 4 yrs 2 1 2
Mr. Barrow's b m Catharina, 6 yrs 4 2 3
Lord Derby's ch c Amurath, 4 yrs ..... 3 d
Lord Kelburne's br m Miss Whip, 7 yrs ..... 5 d

Two drawn.—A fine, spirited contest.

Each day, before the races, a main of cocks was fought, between Geo. Walker, Esq., Wightman, Feeder, and Capt. White, Hines, Feeder, for 500 sovs. the main, and 10 sovs a battle. 39 mains, 10 byes.

Mr. Walker *lost*, as the return shows, Hines winning 26 mains and 8 byes, while Walker won but 13 mains and 2 byes.

Gambling prevailed at these races to an awful extent. There was one gold and two silver *rouge et noir tables* in the grand stand! One man, in an hour, *did* the gold table out of 400*l.*, by luck. The gambling firm paid the money in hard cash.

Tattersalls, Thursday, July 21.

GOODWOOD STAKES, P. P.

9 to 2 agst Rockingham, by Humphrey Clinker (taken)
7 to 1 agst Rush, by Humphrey Clinker
7 to 1 agst Pussy, by Pollio [10 to 1 taken]
10 to 1 agst Lady Anne, by Camel
20 to 1 agst Louisa, by Longwaist [taken]
18 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's two [taken]

Oak Apple does not run.

GOODWOOD CUP, P. P.

5 to 2 agst Hornsea, by Velocipede, [taken]

ST. LEGER.

10 to 1 agst Wedge, by Picton, out of Vat, by Langar
25 to 1 agst Black Diamond, by Jerry, dam by Catton.

EPSOM MEETING, 1838.—There are 125 horses entered for the Derby Stakes and 102 for the Oaks.

Mr. Chifney's br. c. The Athenian, by Partisan, was sold by auction at Tattersall's, on Monday last, to Mr. Forth, for 370 gs.

July 26.—Nothing new, but that at Manchester Rockingham leads for the Goodwood Stakes on Thursday next, and Hornsea for the Cup the next day.

Gladiator is the favorite for the St. Leger at Doncaster.

Brough is acting here, and expects Rice [Jim Crow] to come down and play for his benefit. Mrs. Wood is going to sing at the Liverpool Musical Festival on the 3d October. The Woods do *not* return to America—Brough does, being engaged by Flynn!

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—The August number of this magazine is so excellent, that we deem it entitled to especial remark.

Were a list of the authors who have contributed to it to be alone paraded, it would make a formidable array. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Ellett, and Mrs. S. J. Hale, Judge Hopkinson, Paulding, Lieber and Slidell, may at least be named without disparagement to the ten or twelve remaining contributors. But a magazine must rely upon anything rather than a mere show of names. Come we then to the contents of this number, and here too must we make a selection, or fill a whole column of our paper; for the Messenger contains apparently double the quantity of matter of any American magazine.

The paper which has most interested us, is from the pen of Judge J. Hopkinson, upon the *Right of Instruction*. Without intending to meddle in politics, we must be allowed to express our gratification at seeing so clear and unanswerable a refutation of the Virginia doctrine of Instructions in a Southern magazine. Regarding that doctrine as a dangerous heresy, we hope the conclusive reasoning of Mr. Hopkinson may make some impression even upon the Virginia politicians; and the introduction of this paper into the Messenger, pleases us further as a precedent, which we hope may be followed hereafter; a dash of politics, we feel sure, would add to the interest of all our magazines.

"*The Battle of Lodi*," from our countryman, Major Lee's forthcoming *Life of Napoleon*, will be read with great interest. His strictures upon Sir Walter Scott's life of the same great captain, though severe, will be very acceptable to all those who regret that Scott should have hazarded his fame upon such a subject. By the way, the printers have hardly done justice to Major Lee's notes, which are so transposed as to appear singularly *mal-apropos*.

There are two articles in this number upon the subject of classical learning.—We cannot admire Mr. Carey's, and think we have seen his positions more ably maintained elsewhere. The *Randolph* papers are as usual, interesting. May they be continued.

The editor of the Messenger has made a new department in his magazine, which he, with a slight show of pedantry, terms *Pinakidia*. [By the way, are not all the editor's contributions somewhat tinctured with this fault]? The criticism upon Willis is candid, and of course complimentary.

We must refer to the table of contents on another page for the other papers, but cannot conclude without expressing the opinion that the Literary Messenger is eminently entitled to support, as the firm advocate of sound learning, and a well edited and amusing literary miscellany, in every respect equal to the best magazine we have ever had in the country.

Mr. Powell, the father of the stage, took his final leave of the stage of life in May last, in Upper Canada, in the 83d year of his age.

The estate, the subject of the great cause of Small and Attwood, was purchased by the latter for somewhere about 20,000*l.* It consists of about three hundred acres, and is rich in iron ore. When the company wished to purchase it, Mr. A. asked the enormous sum of *one million* sterling for it. Ultimately he reduced his price to six hundred thousand pounds, which sum it was agreed should be given for it. After the sale, the purchasers conceiving that they had been imposed upon by false estimates and statements as to its value, asked for a further reduction in price of one hundred thousand pounds. This was refused—as things have turned out, most unwisely—for hence the legal proceedings, which have reached to an almost interminable length, and to an expense never equalled in the annals of litigation.

There is living at Mosnilsous-Jurieges, in the Seine Inferieure, in France, an eccentric being, now in his 72d year, who has sequestered himself from the world ever since he was 18. At that age he transferred the whole of his property to a relation, on the sole condition of being supplied with board, lodging, and linen.—The bargain concluded, *he went into bed and has never since moved out of it*, except to perform the most indispensable functions of life. He has remained perfectly mute, refusing even to see a single person, except those who wait upon him, and with whom he communicates entirely by signs. He has a good appetite, and is in perfect health. He makes his own bed. When clean linen is necessary it is placed in his room, and he in return deposits that which has been used. He is sometimes heard to mutter a few words, supposed to be prayers; and the strange resolution he has taken is attributed to exalted notions of piety. Yet it has been proposed to him to be visited by a priest, and he has, by significant signs, refused. The death of several of his near relations have been announced to him, but he has never, upon any one of these occasions, suffered himself to display the slightest token of grief or regret; not even that of the person to whom he had transferred his property.

On the 17th of May last the fete of the inspection of brides took place at Moscow. The young men who wish to take a wife range themselves in lines on the two side walks of the public promenade, and for five or six hours they see filing off before them, as at a review, the young girls, dressed in their finest apparel, and shining with their natural graces and the brilliancy of diamonds, mixed with flowers. The day following negociations are opened with the parents of the young girls that have been remarked.

A cause was tried in the Sheriff's Court last week, the subject of which was a pair of breeches. It was not exactly a dispute between a man and his wife as to who ought to be the real possessor, but a dispute between a tailor and his customer about an alleged misfit. Counsel were present to argue the matter on both sides, and in the end the tailor was discomfited. "This is a ridiculous affair," observed Talfourd, who was waiting with Thesiger to proceed in Bunn's matter. "It is, indeed," said the other, "and it is the first time I have known a *suit* made out of a pair of breeches."

MALT AND HOPS--THE WITLERS AT WORK.

It is now very certain that the destinies of the empire are in the hands of the Witlers; the *Tap Tub* is the leading journal of Europe. They chose for their day of meeting the one on which the collision between the two Houses was announced: and formidable indeed was the gathering at Highbury Barn, the most extensive and convenient establishment in the outskirts of London. In stating the quality and quantity of support given to the patriotic cause, it will almost suffice to say, that six thousand eight hundred and forty-five bottles of wine were consumed, besides the innumerable drops of brandy so much relished by the ladies. The gratitude which the Witlers have ever expressed for our kind consideration, and we certainly have been entitled to it for the distinction with which we have crowned them, always induces us to give them our favorable notice on their grand festivities. His Majesty, God bless him! sat on the right of the chairman, and the Lord Chancellor on the left, and among the remainder of the company we observed the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Charles Pearson, Mr. Farley, the Lord Mayor, Frosty-faced Fogo, and other distinguished characters. The Queen was in the gallery, accompanied by Lady Howe, the Duchess of St. Albans, the wax figure of the late Lady Barrymore, and other eminent patronesses of the Society. His Majesty, we rejoiced to find, hob and nobbed most condescendingly with "Mr Anderson, Editor;" promised to be godfather to his next twins, and begged of him to be made a Peer. The Lord Chancellor drank out of the same pewter with Charles Pearson, and asked him if he would like to appoint all the Sheriffs in the kingdom. The Archbishop of Canterbury said grace, and immediately drank off a bumper. Things went on very pleasantly after this fashion until the cloth was removed, when his Majesty rose and proposed his own health, and afterwards honored the toast with the national anthem, the Queen accompanying him on the hurdy-gurdy. We have been supplied by Doctor Southey, his Majesty's Poet Laureate, with a version, which we have great pleasure in publishing:

God save great Bill our King.
Long live our Witler King,
God save the King
Make him uproarious,
Jolly and glorious,
Hang the censorious,
God save the King.

Oh! Witlers! now, my boys,
Taste Bacchanalian joys,
No heed who fall.
Confound now all small beer
Denounce all water here!
Nought else but Witlers' cheer,
Here's luck to all

Thy choicest wine in store,
Mixton! be pleased to pour,
All glasses fill.
May we drink through the night,
Of course without a fight,
Then shout with great delight,
God save King Bill.

The example set by his Majesty was followed by many of his friends; the Archbishop proposed the ladies, when there was an immediate jingling of glasses from the gallery. A song was the universal demand, and his Grace pitched his voice to the key of the Hundredth Psalm. His Majesty exchanged a significant glance with the keeper of his conscience, when the Archbishop, after declaring it to be unpardonable to turn his back on the ladies, mounted the table and delivered himself in full view.

The Lord Chancellor of course then came forward, and proposed the toast of "Witlerism all over the world and every where else." His lordship was pleased to expatiate on the immense benefits accruing to the Exchequer from the Incorporated Society, and stated that he would rather part with the great seal than with their estimation; in fact, he told them, that as he knew, by virtue of his office, all his Majesty's mental impressions, the King would sooner abdicate than be deprived of their countenance. It so happened by this time that his Majesty had fallen into a doze, "his custom always in the afternoon," whereupon his lordship with much playfulness helping himself out of the royal bowl, sang the following lullaby near his Majesty's ear:—

AIR—*Here's the bower she loved so much*

Here's the bowl he loves so much,
Here's the punch he wanted;
Here's the glass he likes to touch,
Oh! how its touch enchanted.
Glasses unreplenished lie,
Where's the hand that met them?
Lips, we see, are very dry,
Where's the punch to wet them?

Sleep will come, yet what we loved
Ne'er shall lose its sweetness:
Bowls that round so quickly moved
Shall not lose their fleetness.
Happy hour since here we strayed,
Joy is ever near you:
But do not shout, since I'm afraid
His Majesty will hear you.

His Majesty, by command of the Queen, was quietly removed to a sofa in the tavern, when his royal spouse presided over the elegant sport of kissing in the ring, hunting the slipper, and many such matters. The entertainments were kept up to a very late hour, and the last that we heard of royalty was, that his Majesty had knighted Hinton the landlord, and make Frosty-faced Fogo the champion of England. London Satirist.

METROPOLITAN GUARDIANS.

"Ancient and most quiet Watchmen."—*Dogberry.*

Time was, when the guardians of the metropolis were a motley group of beings called *Charlies*—a miserable set truly; but great men, nevertheless, in their way. The new-fangled law for the management (or mismanagement) of the poor, is just blessing us with its effects in London; and as "motley is the only wear," we shall find that our new Guardians under the aforesaid law are at least as great in their own estimation, as the by-gone guardians of the night. Let us fancy a Board of this description; and to begin it would be well, if possible, to catch a man of title—some *simple* Knight, for instance, because his name will sound euphoniously as Chairman to the Board; and if, when caught, he should not turn out to be wise enough to preside, he will do well enough to be the *Vice* to these *Magistrates in little*: and whether he goes to sleep when he should be awake, or talks when silence would better become him, "what matters?" it is enough that Sir Timothy Ticklepitcher or Sir Francis Wronghead is numbered among the lot. Now for the minor members of the Board of Guardians. The *grocer*, made Guardian, does not *care a fig* for his late friends and equals, but looks down from his dizzy height upon them with a dignity equal to *Rice* himself. The *Pastrycook*, from being the mildest and the *sweetest* man in the parish, becomes at once *tart*, and looks as if all his *saccharine matter* had turned to vinegar —*raspberry vinegar* of course. The *Dogsmeat-man*, if such a one should attain to so peculiar an honor as to become a Guardian, finds his *liver* put quite out of order by the new *lights* that break in upon him, but at the same time his *pluck* is greatly increased; and he no more likes to have *sheeps'-heads and trotters* mentioned in his hearing, than would the present President of the Board of *Woods* and Forests. The *Pawnbroker* Guardian is too dignified to give a *pledge*, though he will take as many as you please; and if an old parish man, he perhaps regrets that in the new order of things no *wassail-bowl* is allowed. If a *Penny-a-line writer* for the newspapers should be chosen, what a happy thing for the Board!—because he would *have* a sort of command over the Press; and could send much of what takes place at their Meetings forth to the world as suits his pleasure, and no more—of course such an one would be a man of great consequence among them. Should a *Chemist* be of the number, he will forget his *Pharmacopia*, become too powerful to dispense salts and senna, and will do nothing but *bark* at his neighbors. The *Plumber* will be no longer *led* to do as he has done; and *pig* led is the most obstinate metal to be found. The *Coal merchant* may in *the main* be a good sort of man; but if made a Guardian, though he has to do with *craft* in his business, he will not be *crafty* enough at the Board; and though there may be no need of his becoming a *lighter*-man, he had better go to Milford Haven than lose his time so unprofitably. By way of a finish and a polish, they should get a *Carver and Gilder*, or dealer in looking-glasses, on the Board; for if at all like the last named articles, his ideas will be *lucid*, and he will be a man of *reflection*.

Take a few more men, *sui generis*, with those mentioned, shake them well together, and you have at once a *recipe* for a Board of Guardians, fit to become subservient slaves to the still greater men at Somerset House. London Age.

SPANISH BARBARITY.—Some of the letters lately received from Spain present a fearful account of the demoralization which the present war has produced among the Spanish people generally. The following is an extract from one of them:—"A poor cobbler, suspected of adverse politics, was lately seized at Bilboa by the populace. He was dragged at the tail of a mule through the streets, some flinging stones at him, others striking him with sticks, and some with knives or swords, but all being anxious to keep him alive that he might suffer as much as possible. The wretched man begged for death, and was at last in the public market-place despatched by twenty hands. A number of women then came round, washed their hands in his blood, made their children do the same, and danced a fandango round the corpse, singing low jocular songs in honor of their execrable triumph."

LONDON POLICE.

MANSION-HOUSE.—A Jew Doctor, named Crutho, *alias* Dando, who has been several times charged with having, like the notorious Dando of oyster-eating memory, filled his belly without paying for the good fare, was brought before Alderman Winchester, upon the representation of an eating-housekeeper, that he had paid one of his unwelcome visits to the concern.

The defendant, who is a long-nosed, sallow-faced man, and speaks in a squeaking tone, went into the eating-house, disposed of eight pennyworth of meat in a short time, and after picking his teeth, begged that the landlord would be good enough to "chalk it up till next time." The waiter, upon looking again at his customer, found to his horror that the doctor was the person who was in the habit of defrauding the trade, and caused him to be locked up in the Compter.

Defendant.—I only incurred a debt of 6½d. for I am very particular in keeping my account, as I think it would be dishonest to contract a large debt. I merely take what nature craves. [A laugh.]

Alderman Winchester.—I thought that by this time the eating-house keepers were pretty well acquainted with you.

Defendant.—God bless you, when you describe me, you describe every Jew, when you call me in the newspapers a long nosed, meagre looking fellow, you point at the whole fraternity. Besides, there are so many cooks who can neither read the newspapers nor the countenance, that I think I can take a pretty good turn yet amongst my friends in the City, and then, thank God, the law is the same in Westminster.

The policeman.—When I took him into custody he refused to walk.

Defendant.—Surely it could not be expected that I would walk on the Sabbath? You Christians say that we ought not to work on the Lord's day; now, I go beyond that, and will not even be compelled to toddle. [Laughter.]

Alderman Winchester.—Well, as you seem to know that this is not an act of legal criminality, I hope you will consider yourself in honor bound to pay.

Defendant.—Certainly, I shall pay—some time or other. [A laugh.] But what makes me angry is to find that all these fellows think me guilty of felony. They deserve to be obliged to find a regiment gratis for such brutal ignorance.

Policeman.—My lord, what am I to do when I am called to take him into custody again? He's at it every day.

Defendant.—Do? why take me to the Station-house, to be sure: I always like to sleep safe after my meals. [Laughter.]

Alderman Winchester.—You must take charge of him when required so to do. I dare say his family, who are respectable, will pay.

Waiter.—How am I to know people whether they will pay or not?

Defendant.—Why, whenever you see a long-nosed fellow, see whether he is a Jew, and if he is, have your money first, and then depend upon it you are all right.

Waiter.—My missus makes me pay for every plate afore it goes in.

Defendant.—Your missus is right, but she ought to be ashamed of herself to use such language of the Lord Mayor of London as she did. When I told her that I'd have justice before your Lordship, what do you think the dirty plate-wiper said? 'My Lord Mayor, says she, may go to h—ll; now as I thought the devil had more to do with cooks than with the Lord Mayor, I told her I hoped she'd follow your Lordship.

Alderman Winchester.—I am sorry I can't detain you, and it is useless to talk to you.

Defendant.—I won't give them more than one turn a-piece, and then they surely can't say that they are more than half done. [Laughter.] Some people call me Dr. Dando; that's a bad comparison. Dando stuffed his stomach, and lived to give his custom to but a few. I eat temperately, and shall live for ever; and any one that starves in London is a fool, I say.

Alderman Winchester.—You may go, and I should'nt wonder if you were kicked out of the next house you favor with your company.

Defendant.—I'd deserve it if I took more than enough; but I see a man gets no credit for being abstemious in the city of London.

The doctor then walked out, admitting that Alderman Winchester showed an adequate knowledge of the law, and could distinguish between a felony and a simple debt. Times.

ION; A TRAGEDY.

[As originally written.]

Mr. Tomtit Talfourd presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Age*: begs to hand him the scene with the King, in the said Mr. T. T's celebrated tragedy, as the same was originally written. The passage was afterwards altered into its present acting form at the suggestion of an eminent actor, who thought Mr. T. T. had composed the said passage with too great a view towards making (himself) a *profit*.

Scene—The King's Palace. King seated at a table with papers before him. A Boy in waiting at the door. Hour nine P. M. *Door suddenly thrust open. Boy falls. Enter Ion hastily.*

BOY. O! law! your Majesty, he's smash'd my head,
ION. Silence! be still, or by the powers you're dead.
KING. What means this noise? Ion, take off your hat.
ION. D—d if I do, your Majesty—"TAKE THAT."
[*Knocks the King down.*
KING. Oh! murder! treason! help! I'm murder'd! treason!
ION. Go to!—exactly—perhaps you'll list to reason.
KING. You are the man I spared to-day?
ION. The same.
I'm come to do a deed without a name.
I have supp'd wild on horrors—ere you sup any.
Behold a letter sent me by the twopenny:
'Tis from the gods, who, Mount Olympus' top in,
Request I'll give your Majesty a wopping.
And therefore am I come;—besides, to show men
I speak the truth, they've bless'd me with an omen.
As thro' thy hall I pass'd, the marble keepers
Cried—pop—I raised—they spit into—my peepers:
And now, my liege, I will convince thee further
By pulling out thy tongue.
KING. Stop! murther! murther!
ION. It's no use bawling—what is Toby's Toby.
And none can give the deities the go-by;
So thus I pluck thy hair out by the root.
KING. Are you a man, O Ion?
ION. Ax my foot!
The gods have said it, therefore what's the odds?
All that I do, I do to please the gods.
KING. Guard! porter! lictor! scoundrels, show your faces!
Rescue your King, or tremble for your places.
ION. Don't waste your breath in shouting for the lictor, he
'S useless—*taste, strength, and genius have the victory.*
The porter I should soon have put to rout,
Because you know, the *porter* isn't *stout.*
The guard you can't make hear, with all your rage,
Cause why? Because the guard's behind the stage.
KING. We'll meet again, as sure as butter's butter.
ION. I have asked that dreadful question of the gutter;
I've asked the mud, the ministry, the posts,
But blow me if they weren't as dumb as ghosts:
But when I look upon thy eye, 'tis plain
My question's answered!—we *shall* meet again
KING. Till then—
ION. Till then I'll hide me from thy malice
Deep in yon cheap and nasty, near thy palace:
There I shall stalk about in vestments seedy,
And tell thy crimes, sure as name's—
KING. They'll heed ye.
For me, ah! here my scoundrel servants come!
Now, villain!
ION. Now I'd best be scarce, by gum. [*Exit.*
Scene closes. London Age.

CRAWLEY'S DIARY.

Monday—Woke at eight in the morning; troubled with flatulence; very disagreeable companion; ordered a beefsteak to serve a notice of ejectment, which was speedily *done*; then took another snooze. Rose at ten: appetite weak; took breakfast, but could only eat a chicken, a knuckle of ham, and a dozen eggs, with the usual accompaniments of toast, tea, and twopenny rolls. Walked in the Park; air very bracing; appetite improved; walking hard work; fancied some sandwiches; had a ham cut up for the purpose; gave the bones to Pompey; washed the whole down with a gallon or so of the genuine Alloa. Ordered an early dinner, in order to keep up the *tone* of my stomach; took a nap till dinner time—sleep very necessary for digestion. Dinner served up in excellent style; left the soup for the women; drank wine with all; fixed my affections on a fine turbot; ditto on an excellent baron of beef; my appetite being only so so, I managed to get enough off the joint to stay my stomach; finished my dinner with a couple of capons; took a ride round the Ring, in order to enjoy a snooze in the carriage. Home at nine; took coffee, nothing more substantial being ready. Played at cards for an hour; cards very fatiguing. Made a slight supper of a buttock of beef; broached a new barrel of strong beer, seven years in the cask. To show my veneration and gratitude for the good things this world affords, laid down by the cask and went to sleep. Servants removed me to bed, and slept decently till morning.

Tuesday—Ditto. Wednesday—Ditto. Thursday—Ditto. Friday—Ditto. Saturday—Ditto.

Sunday—Ditto, with the exception that I went to church in the afternoon to take my usual nap, instead of going round the ring in my carriage. A sermon, an excellent narcotic. London Satirist.

DROLL DESCRIPTION OF BOOTS AT AN INN.

A loud ringing of one of the bells was followed by the appearance of a smart chambermaid in the upper sleeping gallery, who, after tapping at one of the doors, and receiving a request from within, called over the balustrades, 'Sam!'—'Hallo,' replied the man with the white hat. 'Number twenty two wants his boots.' 'Ask number twenty-one vether he'll have 'em now, or vait till he gets 'em,' was the reply. 'Come, don't be a fool, Sam,' said the girl coaxingly, 'the gentleman wants his boots directly.'—'Vell, you are a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are,' said the boot cleaner. 'Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' boots; and one shoe as b'longs to six, with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight, and the shoe at nine. Who's number twenty-two that's to put all the others out? No, no; reglar rotation, as Jack Ketch said, when he tied the men up. Sorry to keep you a waitin', Sir, but I'll attend to you direcly.' Saying which, the man in the white hat set to work upon a top-boot with increased assiduity. There was another loud ring; and the bustling old lady of the White Hart made her appearance in the opposite gallery. 'Sam,' said the landlady, 'where's that lazy, idle—why, Sam—oh, there you are; why don't you answer?'—'Tould'nt be genteel to answer till you'd done talking,' replied Sam, gruffly. 'Here, clean them shoes for number seven directly, and take 'em to private sitting room, number five, first floor.' The landlady flung a pair of lady's shoes into the yard, and bustled away. 'Number five,' said Sam, as he picked up the shoes, and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, made a memorandum of their destination on the soles—'Lady's shoes and private sittin' room! I suppose she did'nt come in the vaggin.' 'She came in early this morning,' cried the girl, who was still leaning over the railing of the gallery, 'with a gentleman in a hackney-coach, and it's him as wants his boots, and you'd better do 'em, and that's all about it.' 'Vy did'nt you say so before,' said Sam,' with great indignation, singling out the boots in question from a heap before him. 'For all I know'd, he was one o' the reg'lar three-pennies. Private room! and a lady too! If he's anything of a gen'lman, he's vorth a shillin' a day, let alone the arrands.' Stimulated by this inspiring reflection, Mr. Samuel brushed away with such hearty good will, that, in a few minutes, the boots and shoes, with a polish which would have struck envy to the soul of the amiable Mr. Warren, (for they used the Day and Martin at the White Hart) had arrived at the door of number five. The Pickwick Club.

The Fancy Revived, or Warm Work in the Westminster.

A BRAN-NEW BIT OF DOGGREL BY JACK SCROGGINS, P. P.

Inspire ye, Nine Muses, Jack Scroggins's quill,
And attend all you lads who rejoice in a mill;
That the Ring must revive, there's no manner of doubt,
For some customers ugly have lately come out.

A fig for the croakers, who falsely have swore,
That the Fancy has ebb'd ne'er to flow any more;
Folks, I'll venture to say, for a genuine row,
Were ne'er more awake and pungnacious than now.

Then, as to bad language, we all of us know,
It once was confined to the vulgar and low:
But, now in THE SENATE, I'll make it appear,
They chaff in a strain 'tis shocking to hear!

Liar, coward, and blackguard, and ruffianly cove,
Are quite Parliamentary phrases, by Jove;
And, tho' on a spree I've ne'er turn'd my back,
They comes it too strong very often for Jack!

Bully Dan and long Franky, the Westminster file,
Chaff'd away at each other in capital style;
And, tho' Dan is a game un, it must be confess'd,
'Tis hard of the two to say which had the best.

And Jonny Cam Hobhouse, a tight little blade,
With Sibthorp the fierce, up for mischief was made;
The former, 'tis known, always fights on the square,
And the Colonel, Lord bless him, is right to a HAIR.

Didn't Wason and Trench, all alive to a match,
Boldly challenge each other to come to the scratch?
But, tell us how ended the circumstance dread?
Why, Trench went to prison and Wason to bed.

We know that the Lords, who are certainly rum uns,
Will shortly in earnest set-to with the Commons:
Now, which will succeed, 'tis not easy to tell,
Tho' the Commons, 'tis certain, can RUFFIAN them well.

But, there ne'er was a match 'twixt a little and big un,
Like that 'twixt the champions of Bath and of Wigan;
And no bantam cocks ever show'd off more fiercely,
Than Roebuck, the fleet, and Conservative Kearsley.

Cried Roebuck—"For Tories I don't care a curse—
'The Age' is degraded, 'The Times' are much worse;
To read their vile columns is quite a disgrace,
For infamy's STAMP is display'd in their face."

Says Kearsley—"That speech exceeds all comprehension,
Tho' to it I paid not the slightest attention;
And, may I, the Member for Wigan, be batter'd,
If chaff more disgusting was e'er before utter'd."

"To such language," said Bernal, "I'll never submit,
While plac'd in the chair of the Westminster Pit;
Mr. Wigan, you've gone much too far, you must feel,
And I hope you will now do the thing wot's genteel."

"Why, perhaps," replied Wigan, "I came it too strong,
But I've no sort of stomach for saying I'm wrong;
A row in the Pit I've no wish to kick up,
But he told me I lied, so I won't retract" (hiccup).

Paul Methuen rose, saying, "Chairman, egad,
The conduct of Wigan is truly too bad;
Every soul in the Pit will allow 'tis improper,
And the Chairman thereon must at once put a stopper."

Then Kearsley rose up, with his arms both a-kimbo,
And locking as grave as if going to limbo—
"Now, the Member for Wiltshire assails me," cried he—
"Paul, Paul, my good fellow, don't persecute me."

He spoke, and immediately rush'd from his seat,
Amid roars of laughter, to sound a retreat;
But, being a little confus'd in his brain,
The Member for Wigan sought egress in vain.

Up rose Joseph Hume, with dignified air,
Exclaim'd, "This is truly a solemn affair!
And I'm sure there is reason enough for the wrath
Of my friend, Master Roebuck, the Member for Bath.

The conduct of Wigan to him and the Pit,
Requires an apology ample and fit,
Which I trust he will make, without any delay,
And that is the TOTTLE of what I've to say."

"If I'm wrong," sung out Wigan, "'tis more than I know,
But perhaps I this evening am 'how come you so;'
And lest you should deem me an obstinate blade,
I beg to withdraw the expression I made.

"Now, having, I hope, done the thing that is right,
I beg Mr. Roebuck won't ask me to fight;
If his friend, with a challenge, should move in my path,
Before I accept it, I'll see him at BATH."

"Gallant Member," cried Roebuck, "I had not a doubt,
When it came to the push you'd contrive to back out;
But, be asy, old chap, and refrain from your wit,
And you and your antics I'll try to forget."

BARON MUNCHAUSEN THE SECOND.—An action was brought in the Court of King's Bench, on Saturday week, by an eccentric person named Moscati, who aspires to the rank of an Italian Nobleman, against Messrs. Longman and Co, the booksellers, for a libel published in the Medical Gazette, and the sting of which consisted in describing Moscati as "a liar and an imposter." The defendants pleaded first not guilty, and then a justification, alleging, that the plaintiff was a liar upon a grand scale. To sustain this several lies of a most extraordinary description were proved to have been uttered by Moscati; among others, he was proved to have said he had ravished eighteen nuns in one night; that he protected the Queen of France in his chateau for many years; that he was the author of Pelham, and had written many things for Mr. Bulwer, who was considerably in his debt; that he had a sword stick, the blade of which was a toledo, and that he wore it round his waist; that he had heard the Russian army moving when they were twenty-four hours march from him, and that he had given Napoleon notice of it, who laughed at him, but it was found to be true; he said in the retreat from Moscow he had been too happy to eat a horse and a cat. He frequently declared he was a ruminating animal, and chewed the cud like a cow; that he knew thirty-four languages, and spoke twenty-four; he also said he fought ninety-three duels, and invariably shot his antagonist in the left eye. Before the catalogue was completed, the Court held that the justification had been supported, and a verdict was found for the defendants accordingly.

LOITERINGS OF TRAVEL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

"One-p'un'-five outside, sir, two pun' in."

It was a bright, calm afternoon of September, promising nothing but a morrow of sunshine and autumn, when I stepped in at the "White-Horse cellar," in Piccadilly, to take my place in the Tantivy coach for Stratford-on-Avon. Preferring the outside of the coach, at least by as much as the difference in the prices, and accustomed from long habit to pay dearest for that which most pleased me, I wrote myself down for the outside, and deposited my two pound in the horny palm of the old ex-coachman, retired from the box, and playing clerk in this dingy den of parcels and portmanteaus. Supposing my business concluded, I stood a minute speculating on the weather beaten, cramp-handed old Jehu before me, and trying to reconcile his ideas of "retirement from office" with those of his almost next door neighbor, the hero of Strathfieldsaye. He was at least as "soft a gentleman" to look at as the Duke; but compare his crammed and noisome cellar with the lordly parks and spacious domains of a king's bounty! Yet for the mere *courage* of the man, there are exigencies in the life of a coachman that require as much as might have served his grace at Waterloo. The broad-rimmed beaver set knowingly on the ex-Jehu's forehead, forbade a comparison between their sculls.

I had mounted the first stair toward daylight, when a touch on the shoulder with the end of a long whip—a technical "reminder," which probably came easier to the old driver than the phrasing of a sentence to a "gemman"—recalled me to the cellar.

"Fifteen shillin', sir," said he laconically, pointing with the same expressive exponent of his profession to the change for my outside place, which I had left lying on the counter.

"You are at least as honest as the duke," I soliloquized, as I pocketed the six bright and substantial half-crowns, "and if a long life of honesty and courage are to be rewarded but with a seat in a gloomy cellar, while the addition of brain-work to these is paid with the princely possessions of a duke, there is a mistake somewhere in the scale of merit."

I was at the White-Horse cellar again the following morning at six, promising myself with great sincerity never to rely again on the constancy of an English sky. It rained in torrents. The four inside places were all taken, and with twelve fellow-outsides, I mounted to the wet seat, and begging a little straw by way of cushion from the ostler, spread my umbrella, abandoned my knees with a single effort of mind to the dripping of the driver's weather-proof upper Benjamin, and away we sped. I was "due" at the house of a hospitable old Catholic Baronet, a hundred and two miles from London, at the dinner-hour of that day, and to wait till it had done raining in England, is to expect the millenium.

London in the morning—I mean the poor man's morning, daylight—is to me matter for the most speculative and intense melancholy. Hyde Park in the sunshine of a bright afternoon, glittering with equipages, and gay with the Aladdin splendors of rank and wealth, is a scene which sends the mercurial qualities of the blood trippingly through the veins. But Hyde Park at daylight, seen from Piccadilly through fog and rain, is perhaps, of all contrasts, to one who has frequented it in its bright hours, the most dispiriting and dreary. To remember that, behind the barricaded and wet windows of Apsley House, sleeps the hero of Waterloo; that within the dripping and close-shuttered balcony visible beyond, slumbers and dreams in her splendid beauty the gifted woman, to whom Moore has swung his censer of glorious incense, whom Byron has sought, whom all the genius of England gathers about and acknowledges supreme over minds like her own—that under these crowded and fog-wrapped houses lie in their dim chambers, breathing of perfume and luxury, the high-born and nobly-moulded creatures who preserve for the aristocracy of England the palm of the world's beauty—to remember this, and a thousand other associations linked with the spot, is not at all to diminish, but rather to deepen the melancholy of the picture. Why is it that the deserted stage of a theatre, the echo of an empty ball-room, the loneliness of a frequented promenade in untimely hours—any scene, in short, of gayety gone by, but remembered—oppresses and dissatisfies the heart! One would think memory should re-brighten and re-populate such places.

The wheels hissed through the shallow pools in the Macadam road, the regular pattering of the small hoofs in the wet carriage-tracks maintained its quick and monotonous beat on the ear; the silent driver kept his eye on the traces, and "reminded" now and then with but the weight of his silk snapper a lagging wheeler or leader, and the complicated but compact machine of which the square foot that I occupied had been so nicely calculated, sped on its ten miles in the hour with the steadfastness of a star in its orbit, and as independent of clouds and rain.

"*Est ce qae Monsieur parle Francois?*" asked at the end of the first stage my right-hand neighbor, a little gentleman, of whom I had hitherto only remarked that he was holding on the iron railing of the seat with great tenacity.

Having admitted in an evil moment that I had been in France, I was first distinctly made to understand that my neighbor was on his way to Birmingham purely for pleasure, and without the most distant object of business—a point on which he insisted so long, and recurred to so often, that he succeeded at last in persuading me that he was doubtless a candidate for the French clerkship of some exporter of buttons. After listening to an amusing dissertation on the rashness of committing one's life to an English stage-coach, with scarce room enough for the perch of a parrot, and a velocity so *diablement dangereux*, I tired of my Frenchman; and, since I could not have my own thoughts in peace, opened a conversation with a straw-bonnet and shawl on my left—the property, I soon discovered, of a very smart lady's-maid, very indignant at having been made to change places with Master George, who, with his mother and her mistress, were dry and comfortable inside. She "would not have minded the outside place," she said, "for there were sometimes very agreeable gentlemen on the outside, *very!*—but she had been promised to go inside, and had dressed accordingly; and it was very provoking to spoil a nice new shawl and best bonnet, just because a great school-boy, that had nothing on that would damage, chose not to ride in the rain."

"Very provoking, indeed!" I responded, letting in the rain upon myself unconsciously, in extending my umbrella forward so as to protect her on the side of the wind.

"*We* should have gone down in the carriage, sir," she continued, edging a little closer to get the full advantage of my umbrella; "but John the coachman has got the *kinfluenzy*, and my missis won't be driven by no other coachman; she's as obstinate as a mule, sir. And that isn't all I could tell, sir; but I scorns to hurt the character of one of my own sex." And the pretty Abigail pursed up her red lips, and looked determined not to destroy her mistress's character—unless particularly requested?

I detest what may be called a proper road-book—even would it be less absurd than it is to write one on a country so well conned as England. I shall say nothing therefore of Marlow, which looked the picture of rural loveliness, though seen through fog, nor of Oxford, of which all I remember is that I dined there with my teeth chattering, and my knees saturated with rain. All England is lovely to the wild eye of an American unused to high cultivation; and though my enthusiasm was somewhat damp, I arrived at the bridge over the Avon, blessing England sufficiently for its beauty, and much more for the speed of its coaches.

The Avon, above and below the bridge, ran brightly along between low banks, half sward, half meadow; and on the other side lay the native town of the immortal wool-comber—a gay, cheerful-looking village, narrowing in the centre to a closely-built street, across which swung, broad and fair, the sign of the Red Horse. More ambitious hotels lay beyond, and broader streets; but while Washington Irving is remembered, (and that will be while the language lasts,) the quiet inn in which the great Geoffrey thought and wrote of Shakspeare, will be the altar of the pilgrim's devotions.

My baggage was set down, the coachman and guard tipped their hats for a shilling, and, chilled to the bone, I raised my hat instinctively to the courtesy of a slender gentlewoman in black, who, by the keys at her girdle, should be the landlady. Having expected to see a rosy little Mrs. Boniface, with a brown pinafore and worsted mittens, I made up my mind at once that the inn had changed mistresses. On the right of the old-fashioned entrance blazed cheerily the kitchen fire, and with my enthusiasm rather dashed by my disappointment, I stepped in to make friends with the cook, and get a little warmth and information.

"So your old mistress is dead, Mrs. Cook." said I, rubbing my hands with great satisfaction between the fire and a well-roasted chicken.

"Lauk, sir, no she isn't!" answered the rosy lass, pointing with a dredging-box to the same respectable lady in black, who was just entering to look after me.

"I beg pardon, sir," she said, dropping a courtesy; "but are you the gentleman expected by Sir Charles ——?"

"Yes, madam? And can you tell me anything of your predecessor who had the inn in the days of Washington Irving?"

She dropped another courtesy, and drew up her thin person to its full height, while a smile of gratified vanity stole out at the corners of her mouth.

"The carriage has been waiting some time for you, sir," she said, with a softer tone than that in which she had hitherto addressed me; and you will scarce be at C—— in time for dinner. You will be coming over to-morrow, or the day after perhaps, sir; and then, if you would honor my little room by taking a cup of tea with me, I should be pleased to tell you all about it, sir."

I remembered a promise I had nearly forgotten, that I would reserve my visit to Stratford till I could be accompanied by Miss J. P——, whom I was to have the honor of meeting at my place of destination, and promising an early acceptance of the kind landlady's invitation, I hurried on to my appointment over the fertile hills of Warwickshire.

I was established in one of those old Elizabethan country houses, which, with their vast parks, their self-sufficing resources of subsistence and company, and the absolute deference shown on all sides to the lord of the manor, give one the impression rather of a little kingdom with a castle in its heart, than of an abode for a gentleman subject. The house itself (called like most houses of this size and consequence in Warwickshire, a "Court,") was a Gothic, half-castellated square, with four round towers, and innumerable embrasures and windows, two wings in front, probably more modern than the body of the house, and again two long wings extending to the rear, at right angles, and enclosing a flowery and formal parterre. There had been a trench about it, now filled up, and at a short distance from the house stood a polyangular and massive structure, well calculated for defence, and intended as a stronghold for the retreat of the family in more troubled times. One of these rear wings enclosed a Catholic chapel, for the worship of the baronet and those of his tenants who professed the same faith; while on the northern side, between the house and the garden, stood a large Protestant stone church, with a turret and spire, both chapel and church, with their clergyman and priest, dependant on the estate, and equally favored by the liberal and high-minded baronet. The tenantry formed two considerable congregations, and lived and worshipped side by side, with the most perfect harmony—an instance of *real* Christianity, in my opinion, which the angels of heaven might come down to see. A lovely rural graveyard for the lord and his tenants, and a secluded lake below the garden, in which hundreds of wild duck swam and screamed unmolested, completed the outward features of C—— Court.

There are noble houses in England, with a door communicating from the dining-room to the stables, that the master and his friends may see their favorites, after dinner, without exposure to the weather. In the place of this rather *bizarre* luxury, the oak pannelled and spacious dining-hall of C—— is on a level with the organ-loft of the chapel, and when the cloth is removed, the large door between is thrown open, and the noble instrument pours the rich and thrilling music of vespers through the rooms. When the service is concluded, and the lights on the altar extinguished, the blind organist (an accomplished musician, and a tenant on the estate) continues his voluntaries in the dark until the hall-door informs him of the retreat of the company to the drawing-room. There is not only refinement and luxury in this beautiful arrangement, but food for the soul and heart.

I chose my room from among the endless vacant but equally luxurious chambers of the rambling old house; my preference solely directed by the portrait of a nun, one of the family in ages gone by—a picture full of melancholy beauty, which hung opposite the window. The face was distinguished by all that in England marks the gentlewoman of ancient and pure descent; and while it was a woman with the more tender qualities of her sex breathing through her features, it was still a lofty and sainted sister, true to her cross, and sincere in her vows and seclusion. It was the work of a master, probably Vandyke, and a picture in which the most solitary man would find company and communion. On the other walls, and in most of the other rooms and corridors were distributed portraits of the gentlemen and soldiers of the family, most of them bearing some resemblance to the nun, but differing, as brothers in those wild times may be supposed to have differed, from the gentle creatures of the same blood, nursed in the privacy of peace.

One of the first visits in the neighborhood was naturally to Stratford-on-Avon. It lay some ten miles south of us, and I drove down with that distinguished literary friend I have before mentioned, in the carriage of our kind host, securing, by the presence of his servants and equipage, a degree of respect and attention which would not have been accorded to us in our simple character of travellers. The prim mistress of the Red Lion, in her close black bonnet and widow's weeds, received us at the door with a deeper courtesy than usual, and a smile of less wintry formality; and proposing to dine at the inn, and "suck the brain" of the hostess more at our leisure, we started immediately for the house of the wool-comber—the birth-place of Shakspeare.

Stratford should have been forbidden ground to builders, masons, shopkeepers, and generally to all people of thrift and whitewash. It is now rather a smart town, with gay calicoes, shawls of the last pattern, hardware and millinery, exhibited in all their splendor down the widened and newer streets; and though here and there remains a glorious old gloomy and inconvenient abode, which looks as if Shakspeare might have taken shelter under its eaves, the gayer features of the town have the best of it, and flaunt their gaudy and unrespected newness in the very windows of that immortal birth-place. I stepped into a shop to inquire the way to it.

"*Shiksper's* 'ouse, sir? Yes, sir!" said a dapper clerk, with his hair astonished into the most impossible directions by force of brushing; "keep to the right, sir! Shiksper lived in the white 'ouse, sir—the 'ouse you see beyond, with the windy swung up, sir."

A low, old-fashioned house, with a window suspended on a hinge, newly whitewashed and scrubbed, stood a little up the street. A sign over the door informed us in an inflated paragraph, that the immortal Will Shakspeare was born under this roof, and that an old woman within would show it to us for a consideration. It had been used until very lately, I had been told, for a butcher's shop.

A "garrulous old lady" met us at the bottom of the narrow stair leading to the second floor, and began—not to say anything of Shakspeare—but to show us the names of Byron, Moore, Rogers, etc., written among thousands of others on the wall! She had worn out Shakspeare! She had told that story till she was tired of it! or (what perhaps is more probable) most people who go there fall to reading the names of visiters so industriously, that she has grown to think some of Shakspeare's pilgrims greater than Shakspeare.

"Was this old oaken chest here in the days of Shakspeare, madam?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; and here's the name of Byron—here with a capital B. Here's a curiosity, sir."

"And this small wooden box?"

"Made of Shakspeare's mulberry, sir. I had sich a time about that box, sir. Two young gemmen were here the other day—just run up while the coach was changing horses, to see the house. As soon as they were gone I misses the box. Off scuds my son to the Red Lion, and there they sat on the top looking as innocent as may be. 'Stop the coach,' says my son. 'What do you want?' says the driver. 'My mother's mulberry box!—Shakspeare's mulberry box!—One of them 'ere young men's got it in his pocket.' And true enough, sir, one on 'em had the imperence to take it out of his pocket and flings it into my son's face; and you know the coach never stops a minnit for nothing, sir, or he'd a' smarted for it."

Spirit of Shakspeare! dost thou not sometimes walk *alone* in this humble chamber! Must one's inmost soul be fretted and frighted *always* from its devotion by an abominable old woman? Why should not such lucrative occupations be given in charity to the deaf and dumb? The pointing of a finger were enough in such spots on earth!

I sat down in despair to look over the book of visiters, trusting that she would tire of my inattention. As it was of no use to point out names to those who would not look, however, she commenced a long story of an American, who had lately taken the whim to sleep in Shakspeare's birth chamber. She had shaken him down a bed on the floor, and he passed the night there. It seemed to bother her to comprehend why two-thirds of her visiters should be Americans—a circumstance that was abundantly proved by the books.

It was only when we were fairly in the street that I began to realize that I had seen one of the most glorious altars of memory—that deathless Will Shakspeare, the mortal, who was, perhaps, (not to speak profanely) next to his Maker, in the divine faculty of creation, first saw the light through the low lattice on which we turned back to look.

The single window of the room in which Scott died at Abbotsford, and this in the birth-chamber of Shakspeare, have seemed to me almost marked with the touch of the fire of those great souls—for I think we have an instinct which tells us on the spot where mighty spirits have come or gone, that they came and went with the light of heaven.

We walked down the street to see the house where Shakspeare lived on his return to Stratford. It stands at the corner of a lane, not far from the church where he was buried, and is a new-ish, un-Shakspearian looking place—no doubt, if it be indeed the same house, most profanely and considerably altered. The present proprietor or occupant of the house or site, took upon himself some time since the odium of cutting down the famous mulberry tree planted by the poet's hand in the garden.

I forgot to mention in the beginning of these notes that two or three miles before coming to Stratford, we passed through Shottery, where Ann Hathaway lived. A nephew of the excellent baronet whose guests we were, occupies the house. I looked up and down the green lanes about it, and glanced my eye round upon the hills over which the sun has continued to set and the moon to ride in her love-inspiring beauty ever since. There were doubtless outlines in the landscape which had been followed by the eye of Shakspeare when coming, a trembling lover, to Shottery—doubtless, teints in the sky, crops on the fields, smoke-wreaths from the old homesteads on the hill-sides, which are little altered now. How daringly the imagination plucks back the past in such places! How boldly we ask of fancy and probability the thousand questions we would put, if we might, to the magic mirror of Agrippa! Did that great mortal love timidly, lik ourselves? Was the passionate outpouring of his heart simple, and suited to the humble condition of Anne Hathaway, or was it the first fiery coinage of Romeo and Othello? Did she know the immortal honor and light poured upon woman by the love of genius? Did she know this common and oftenest terrestial passion becomes fused in the poet's bosom with celestial fire, and, in its wondrous elevation and purity, ascends lambently and musically to the very stars! Did she coy it with him? Was she a *woman* to him, as commoner mortals find woman—capricious, tender, cruel, intoxicating, cold—everything by changes impossible to calculate or foresee? Did he he walk home to Stratford, sometimes despairing in perfect sick-heartedness of her affection, and was he recalled by a message or a lover's instinct to find her weeping and passionately repentant?

How natural it is by such questions and speculations to betray our innate desire to bring the lofty spirits of our common mould to our own inward level—to seek analogies between *our* affections, passions, appetites, and *theirs*—to wish they might have been no more exalted, no more fervent, no more worthy of the adorable love of woman than ourselves! The same temper that prompts the depreciation, the envy, the hatred exercised toward the poet in his lifetime, mingles, not inconsiderably, in the researches so industriously prosecuted after his death into his youth and history. To be admired in this world, and much more to be beloved for higher qualities than his fellow-men, ensures to genius not only to be persecuted in life, but to be ferretted out with all his frailties and imperfections from the grave.

The church in which Shakspeare is buried stands near the banks of the Avon, and is a most picturesque and proper place of repose for his ashes. An avenue of small trees and vines, ingeniously over-laced, extends from the street to the principal door, and the interior is broken up into that confused and accidental medley of tombs, pews, cross-lights, and pillars, for which the old churches of England are remarkable. The tomb and effigy of the great poet, lie in an inner chapel, and are as described in every traveller's book. I will not take up room with repetition.

It gives one an odd feeling to see the tomb of his wife and daughter beside him. One does not realize before, that Shakspeare had wife, children, kinsmen, like other men—that there were those who had a right to lie in the same tomb; to whom he owed the charities of life; whom he may have benefitted or offended; who may have influenced materially his destiny, or he theirs; who were the inheritors of his household goods, his wardrobe, his books—people who looked on him—on Shakspeare—as a landholder, a renter of a pew, a townsman; a relative, in short, who had claims upon them, not for the eternal homage due to celestial inspiration, but for the charity of shelter and bread had he been poor, for kindness and ministry had he been sick, for burial and the tears of natural affection when he died. It is painful and embarrassing to the mind to go to Stratford—to reconcile the immortality and the incomprehensible power of genius like Shakspeare's, with the space, tenement and circumstance of a man! The poet should be like the sea-bird, seen only on the wing—his birth, his slumber and his death, mysteries alike.

I had stipulated with the hostess that my baggage should be put into the chamber occupied by Washington Irving. I was shown into it to dress for dinner—a small, neat room, a perfect specimen in short of an English bed-room, with snow-white curtains, a looking-glass the size of the face, a well-polished grate and poker, a well-fitted carpet, and as much light as heaven permits to the climate.

Our dinner for two was served in a neat parlor on the same floor—an English inn dinner—simple, neat and comfortable in the sense of that word unknown in other countries. There was *just* fire enough in the grate, *just* enough for two in the different dishes, a servant who was *just* enough in the room, and *just* civil enough—in short, it was, like every thing else in that *country of adaptation and fitness*, just what was ordered and wanted, and no more.

The evening turned out stormy, and the rain pattered merrily against the windows. The shutters were closed, the fire blazed up with new brightness, the well-fitted wax-lights were set on the table, and when the dishes were removed, we replaced the wine with a tea-tray, and sent for the hostess to give us her company and a little gossip over our cups.

Nothing could be more nicely understood and defined than the manner of English hostesses generally in such situations, and of Mrs. Gardiner particularly in this. Respectful without servility, perfectly sure of the propriety of her own manner and mode of expression, yet preserving in every look and word the proper distinction between herself and her guests, she ensured from them that kindness and ease of communication which would make a long evening of social conversation pass not only without embarrassment on either side, but with mutual pleasure and gratification.

"I have brought up, mem," she said, producing a well-polished poker from under her black apron before she took the chair set for her at the table, "I have brought up a relic for you to see that no money would buy from me."

She turned it over in my hand, and I read on one of the flat sides at the bottom, "GEOFFREY CRAYON'S SCEPTRE."

"Do you remember Mr. Irving," said my friend, "or have you supposed, since reading his sketch of Stratford-on-Avon, that the gentleman in number *three* be the person?"

The hostess drew up her thin figure, and the expression of a person about to compliment herself stole into the corners of her mouth.

"Why, you see, mem, I am very much in the habit of observing my guests, and I think I may say I knows a superior gentleman when I sees him. If you remember, mem," (and she took down from the mantelpiece a much worn copy of the Sketch-Book), "Geoffrey Crayon tells the circumstance of my stepping in when it was getting late, and asking if he had rung, I knows it by that, mem, and then the gentleman I mean was an American, and I think, mem, besides," (and she hesitated a little as if she was about to advance an original and rather venturesome opinion), "I think I can see that gentleman's likeness all through this book."

A truer remark or more just criticism was perhaps never made on the Sketch-Book. We smiled, and Mrs. Gardiner proceeded:

"I was in and out of the coffee-room the night he arrived, mem, and I sees directly by his modest ways and his timid look that he was a gentleman, and not fit company for the other travellers. They were all young men, sir, and business travellers, and you know, mem, *ignorance takes the advantage of modest merit*, and after their dinner they were very noisy and rude. So, I says to Sarah, the chambermaid, says I, that nice gentleman can't get near the fire, and you go and light a fire in number three, and he shall sit alone, and it shan't cost him nothing, for I like the looks on him. Well, mem, he seemed pleased to be alone, and after his tea, he puts his legs up over the grate, and there he sits with the poker in his hand till ten o'clock. The other travellers went to bed, and at last the house was as still as midnight, all but a poke in the grate now and then in number three, and every time I heard it I jumped up and lit a bed-candle, for I was getting very sleepy, and I hoped he was getting up to ring for a light. Well, mem, I nodded and nodded, and still no ring at the bell. At last says I to Sarah, says I, go into number three and upset something, for I am sure that gentleman has fallen asleep. 'La, ma'am,' says Sarah, 'I don't dare.' Well then, says I, I'll go. So I opens the door, and I says, 'If you please sir, did you ring'—little thinking that question would ever be written down in such a beautiful book, mem. He sat with his feet on the fender poking the fire, and a smile on his face, as if some pleasant thought was in his mind. 'No, ma'am,' says he, 'I did not.' I shuts the door, and sits down again, for I hadn't the heart to tell him it was late, for *he was a gentleman not to speak rudely to*, mem. Well, it was past twelve o'clock, when the bell *did* ring. 'There,' says I to Sarah, 'thank heaven he has done thinking, and we can go to bed.' So he walked up stairs with his light, and the next morning was up and off to the Shakspeare house, and he brings me home a box of the mulberry tree, and asks me if I thought it was genuine, and said it was for his mother in America. And I loved him still more for that, and I'm sure I prayed she might live to see him return."

"I believe she did, Mrs. Gardiner; but how soon after did you set aside the poker."

"Why, sir, you see there's a Mr. Vincent that comes here sometimes, and he says to me one day, 'So Mrs. Gardiner, you're finely immortalized. Read that.' So the minnit I read it I remembered who it was and all about it, and I runs and gets the number three poker, and locks it up safe and sound, and by and by I sends it to Brummagem, and has his name engraved on it, and here you see it, sir, and I wouldn't take no money for it."

I had never the honor to meet or know Mr. Irving, and I evidently lost ground with the hostess of the Red Horse for that misfortune. I delighted her, however, with the account which I had seen in a late newspaper, of his having shot a buffalo in the prairies of the west, and she soon courtesied herself out and left me to the delightful society of the distinguished lady who had accompanied me. Among all my many loiterings in many lands, I remember none more intellectually pure and gratifying than this at Stratford-on-Avon. My sleep, in the little bed consecrated by the slumbers of the immortal Geoffrey, was sweet and light, and I write myself his debtor for a large share of the pleasure which genius like his lavishes on the world.

N. Y. Mirror.

A WORD FOR BOOTS.

There exists not in the kingdom, at the present day, a more industrious and trustworthy class of individuals than those functionaries whom custom has identified with their profession by the *soubriquet* of "Boots."—Those who sit in arm chairs, and live quietly at home in their houses, can form but an imperfect idea of the extent of the responsibility that falls to the share of this part of his Majesty's subjects. Since the improvement in roads, and the increase of trade have set the commercial world in a state of perpetual locomotion, many and various are the wants of a traveller in the way of assistance and information on arriving at the place of his daily destination; yet no sooner does he plant his foot in an inn, than his objects, be they what they may, are immediately undertaken and accelerated by honest Boots.—Whether it be that letters are to be delivered, or valuable parcels, or local matters of any sort to be attended to, application is always made in the first instance to Boots—Boots is the last person seen in the house at night, and first again on foot in the morning; of him it is required to know everybody and everything; to have not only a strong back, but a civil good-humored countenance; to be able to work hard upon little pay; to possess a clear head and a light pair of heels, and in short, with never-ceasing activity and time at command infinitely divisable, to officiate in every respect, and to the benefit of the travelling world, as the Mercury of the lower heaven. Hardly does the cock crow in a morning before Boots is on the alert—before the time of his repose arrives at night, every inmate in the house will have sunk down in leaden slumbers. Traveller remember poor Boots—you have given him his fee; yet peradventure some copper money may still jingle in your pocket; nay, if it be a sixpence it will not be ill bestowed on him who has welcomed your arrival, has sped your departure, has strained his sinews in your service, has done his duty, and now stands before you respectfully, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a fustian sleeve. Traveller, probably you are a bachelor; now then is the time to be liberal; remember poor Boots while no weightier claims upon your purse disturb you;—wait not for the hour when, with your travels at an end, and locomotive faculties impeded by joint gravity, a life of peregrination concludes by short stages, like the days of an uxurious blue-bottle fly at the close of summer.

From Sir G. Head's Tour

We find the following in the terms for advertising of the Nashville Republican:—

"Advertisements of *personal altercations* will invariably be charged $3 per square, for the first insertion, and $1 for each continuance."

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 27, 1836.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The packet ship *Columbus*, from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 23d July, brings us copious files of papers, and letters from London and Liverpool Correspondents.

The stewards of the Lee races, headed by Marquis Conyngham, give notice that on the last day there will be "an American Trotting Sweepstakes of one sov. each, for a silver Cup, value 50*l*., open for all England," etc. Two or three American trotters are in nomination, and great sport is anticipated.

The account of the great match race between the North and South, is going the rounds of the British press from the Spirit of the Times.—"What stories the Yankees *do* tell," say the editors. They seem to think the report a sort of Moon Hoax. Could Bascomb and Post Boy meet Bay Middleton and Gladiator in a four mile race upon the Union Course, we opine the latter would consider the pace rather terrific.

The letters of our Correspondents are brought down to the day of sailing of the packet, and will be read with interest.

Among the passengers in the Columbus, was Mr. Flynn, co-manager of the National theatre of this city, together with James W. Wallack, and Charles Howard, both engaged at that establishment.

STILL LATER FROM EUROPE. The *Geo. Washington*, from Liverpool, arrived Wednesday, and brings our dates down to the 24th from London. The last letters from our Foreign Correspondents will be found on the 1st page. As the packet was detained two days, our advices are to the 26th of July.

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, July 18, 1836.

We hear that the packet is detained at Liverpool by contrary winds, and as Mr. Davies of the North and South American Coffeehouse thinks this detention must last for some days, I run the risk of sending you a communication.

The Woods have arrived in London, and public opinion is pretty evenly divided as to the merits of the row at the Park. It is rather given against Wood—not so much for his treatment of Mrs. Conduit, (for in this a portion of the blame seems due to Mr. Simpson), but for his treatment of the theatrical reporter of Colonel Webb's paper. Mr. Wood has gone down to Canterbury to collect evidence in proof of his charges against Mrs. Hamblin—a difficult thing, even if said charges were true.

The Woods return to America in a short time, and quite expect that the New-York audience will forget the past. Will they?

The Queen's Bazaar, in Oxford-street, is to be converted into a theatre, under the lesseeship and management of George Dance, (brother to Charles Dance, the dramatist), if a bill can be passed through Parliament authorising the issue of a patent for such theatre—a speculation against the "mammoths" of Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

No one has got Drury Lane Theatre: Bunn has bid for it *at a reduced rent*.

Carlotta Grisi, the dancer, has come out as a singer at a benefit. She has fine execution but a "thin" voice.

Rice—*the* Rice—has been and is making a name (and money) at the Surrey Theatre. His *Jim Crow* is encored half a dozen times each evening.

Braham has taken the Victoria—for what no one knows. Vestris and C. Matthews have been starring at the Surrey and St. James's, and have gone back to the provinces on a short tour. A new burlesque called "Theseus and Ariadne," at the English Opera House, has exhibited Mrs. Fitzwilliam as Ariadne: the piece has some capital parodies. Ducrow has made a great hit with a new spectacle called after and founded on Lalla Rookh.

If John Reeve does not soon return to England, Vale, the low-comedy man at Covent Garden theatre, will be engaged at the Adelphi in his place. 'Tis supposed that the cheap brandy has some share in keeping Reeve in America. Braham has engaged two fat women—the Misses Smith, nieces to Miss Stephens—as vocalists at St. James's theatre.

A capital one act piece was eminently successful at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday night. It is a new farce called "*Make your Wills.*" The principal parts were in the hands of STRICKLAND, WEBSTER, BUCKSTONE, and Mrs. W. CLIFFORD, who had severally the parts of *Mr. Ireton, Septimus Plotter, Joseph Brag* and *Mrs. Foresight*. The plot turns upon a trick played by Ireton upon his two nephews—Charles Ireton and Septimus Plotter—as to the comparative esteem in which they held him, thinking he had died intestate. Charles is sorry, and Septimus forges a will in his own favor. While Ireton is laid out as dead, he takes a fancy to some brandy and is thus found out. The best critique I have seen speaks highly of the piece; it owes much to its being well acted. I suspect that Selby is the author.

M. de Pinna, author of "that fairy-like music," had his opera of the "*Rose of the Alhambra*" *nearly* damned at the English Opera House on Saturday. Miss Shirreff and Mr. Wilson saved it. The music is good, but *not original*—in fact it is *compiled* not *composed*.

Malibran closed her engagement at Drury Lane on Saturday.

Braham will open with a new opera. The author's name is kept a secret, but I may as well say at once that it is Morris Barnett, author of *Monsieur Jacques*.

Yates has returned to town, and, with his new partner, Mr. Gladstone, is busily employed in the fitting up of the Adelphi theatre.

Vestris immediately goes on a tour down the Rhine, not to return until the end of September, when the Olympic theatre opens.

Butler is engaged at the Surrey: he is a fine actor in first tragedy. He has the leading part in Mark Lemon's new tragedy, called "*Arnold of Winkelreid*," to be produced this evening.

Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, author of "*Ion*," has been for some time employed in arranging, in concert with Mr. Moxon, the very interesting letters of the late deeply lamented Charles Lamb. Southey, Wordsworth, and other early friends of Lamb, have unreservedly placed in the hands of the Learned Sergeant their valuable correspondence with the amiable and excellent ELIA.

O'Connell has astonished the public: he has opened his purse strings—*to give*. For 26 members of his family—joints of his domestic "tail"—he has subscribed £28 towards the "national rent" for Ireland.

Paris has been the scene of a legal tragedy. A poor wretch, named Alibeau, or Alibaud, attempted to shoot Louis Philippe—was tried, convicted—and as the king could not afford to be merciful, was guillotined. The speech of Alibeau at his trial *was not allowed to be published by the Paris papers*, because it avowed that the bad government of Louis Philippe had rendered it an imperative duty on all patriots to kill him! Louis Philippe must lead a dreadful life, as he cannot be sure of its safety at any moment. He reviews the troops at the anniversary of the "three days." The king of Naples is coming to see him, and Leopold of Belgium is on a visit to him.

Louis Philippe, at last has paid to King Leopold the marriage portion of the Belgic queen. It amounts only to £40,000. It has been loaned to Louis Philippe by the Treasury, and a bill is to be brought in, to the Chamber of Deputies, providing that the aforesaid *loan* shall be a national *gift*.

Holland was visited, during the last week of June, with a most destructive hurricane—nearly destroying 73 villages.

The French papers state that the Duke of Orleans is about giving a very magnificent prayerbook to the Empress of Austria, and thus describe it:—

"The text is to be printed in brilliant blue letters upon white watered silk leaves; the initials or head letters of gold illuminated with arabesques of the most vivid colors. Each page will be surrounded by a vignette, stamped in gold, by a process used only at the royal printing office. The titles of the chapters are to be adorned with delicate foliage, and figures printed by the hand. The volume will contain fifty vignettes or pictures, painted by the first artists of France, each surrounded by typographical ornaments in gold. The lining of the volume will be in cloth of gold, with the double-headed eagle of Austria embroidered in velvet. The edges of the leaves will be chased according to the style of the ancient oriental manuscripts, and the ribands for marking the places have at their ends small gold medallions, with the Empress's initials in enamel. The binding is to be adorned with small medallions or bas reliefs, in chased gold, representing subjects taken from the history of the Virgin Mary, divided from each other by carvings in ivory, and black and gold enamel. All the bosses are to be formed of emeralds, and the clasps composed of the animals that are emblems of the four evangelists."

The king and queen of Holland have invited the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry to spend the autumn with them at Amsterdam, and they leave England this month. It is not known whether the Marchioness takes Sir Roger Greisley in her *suite*. The Marquis, "good easy man," does not mind the intimacy between his wife and the baronet!

The mail-contracters on *your* side the "great pond," may profit by the information I here annex as to mail coaches in England:—

"In England there are 55 four-horse and 49 two-horse mails. In the four-horse mails the rate of travelling varies from eight miles to ten miles five furlongs per hour. There is one exception, the Devonport and Falmouth mail, which goes only seven miles two furlongs per hour. The average is probably about nine miles two furlongs per hour. They all carry four inside passengers, and either three or four outside, except one which carries six outside, and two which carry eight. In the two-horse mails, the rate varies from six miles to nine miles two furlongs, and will probably average about seven miles six furlongs. The passengers are almost invariably four inside and four outside. The average speed travelled by both classes is eight miles seven furlongs. The average mileage for four-horse mails is 1 7-8d per mile, for two-horse ditto, 1¾d. The rate of the London and Holyhead mail is ten miles one furlong per hour; of the London and Edinburgh nine miles six furlongs. The difference of three furlongs per hour is equal to 1-26th part of the time."

The Dukes of Angouleme and Bourdeaux are at Dresden.

All the royal visitants have left England, and it is not known whether the Princess Victoria is to marry any of them. The Princes of Orange left London on Sunday, the father had preceded them.

The Queen-Regent of Spain, it is said, has recently purchased into the English funds to the tune of 500,000*l*. What is *this* like? Is it a preparation for "a rainy day?"

The Queen of Portugal, who was reported to be *enciente*, has had "an accident," which for the present puts an end to the hopes of posterity.

O'Connell will have a round of public dinners—at Derby, Stroud, Rochester, and Chatham—before he returns to Ireland.

Prince Paul of Wirtemberg, a candidate for the throne of Greece (on Leopold's refusal), has been sentenced to pay 5,400 francs to a Mr. Groves, whom he employed to negotiate the matter for him! Groves claimed 20,000 francs. Both parties pay their own costs.

Mr. John Kemble (eldest son of Charles Kemble) who has been residing some time in Germany, has engaged to edit a popular journal devoted to reform, and which has been established in London by a wealthy individual, the representative in Parliament of a great county in the north of England. Mr. Kemble is again gone to Germany for a short period: he will return a *Benedict*, and then enter upon the duties of his highly responsible office.

When Mr. Murray recently addressed the audience, at the close of the Edinburgh season, he complained "that no sooner had British managers made men into good actors, than American managers came and snatched them up." We have some recent instances of this: the Woods have made their fortunes in the United States; Balls and Reeve are making money; Power returns to America, where he intends to fix his permanent residence. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Macready, and Ellen Tree are also on the move across the Atlantic.—Mr. Flynn, manager of the National Theatre, New York, has made a "fell swoop," from London and the provinces, of artists of all descriptions. Among those whom he has engaged are the Ravel family, (consisting of 12 persons.) Miss Shireff, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Honey, Mr. Macready, Mr. Forrest (the celebrated American actor), Miss Clifton, Mademoiselle Celeste, Mr. Booth, Mr. Jas. Wallack, Mrs. Watson, (late Miss Wells,) Miss Watson, Mr. Charles Howard, (from Madame Vestris's Theatre,) Mr. Mitchell, (from the Strand Theatre,) Mr. Plumer, (from Braham's Theatre,) Mr. James Wallack, jun., &c. I understand he has negociations pending with other actors.—[Our correspondent is "a little out" in his calculations, but considering that he is a *few thousand* miles from New York, he may be allowed to "guess" and "calculate" occasionally.—ED.]

Van Fretz, in his "Travels in Russia," states that the personal appearance of the Emperor Nicholas has something in it truly royal and awe-exciting; yet at the same time it is calculated to inspire confidence. His erect figure, above the common height, is in every respect powerful and well-shaped, and the form of his head such, that it appears as if copied from the noblest specimens of the antique. An aquiline nose, a kindly-smiling mouth, and a blue eye, whose benignity of expression is blended with thoughtful gravity—these features, together with a forehead shaded with light brown hair, give to the whole countenance a friendly, but likewise a serious stamp.

The last Liverpool Journal, in its notes upon theatricals, remarks that "the announcements for next week are abundant and satisfactory. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley appear, for a fortnight, before their departure for America. Miss Turpin (who, on Thursday week, was married to Mr. H. Wallack) and Mr. Henry Horncastle are also engaged for the same time, and will likewise appear on Monday. Mrs. Keeley has never appeared before a Liverpool audience. The merits of the other 'stars' are too well known to require notice now."

Mr. Power has returned to his family at Tunbridge Wells, and on the 24th instant he again sails from Liverpool for New York in the George Washington. Mr. Bunn, it appears, is to have the English Opera-house for three years, at a rent of 3,500*l*., and no other security is required than the nightly taking of the rent out of the money received at the doors. His term will not commence there until the month of October next, and the season ends on the 15th of November. [Very doubtful.]—At St. James's Theatre the public now witness the acting of Madames Vertpre, Plessis, and Labeaume, with that of Madame Vestris, Mr. Charles Mathews, and Mrs. Anderson.—Madame Catalani recently gave a grand concert at her villa, near Florence, at which she sang several of her French airs with that power and sweetness of voice for which she for so many years distinguished herself on the stage. Her daughter, Madame Vivie, also sang several duets with Madame and with Prince Poniatowski, who has a very fine tenor voice. The audience consisted of all the nobility of Florence, and the various branches of the English aristocracy who yearly wander to this delightful city.—A negociation between Braham and the proprietors of the Victoria is in progress for a lease of that theatre.—I now hear that no offers have been made for the lesseeship of Drury-lane theatre.

So great is the competition between the proprietors of coaches running between Huddersfield and Manchester, that they have placarded, "Outside what you please! Inside ditto!"

Mrs. Norton has commenced proceedings against her husband, in the proper court, for separation.

Henry Wallack, brother to James W., got married the other day to Miss Turpin, as I have before remarked somewhere. The London "Theatrical Observer" has the following allusion to it:—

"On Thursday last Mr. Henry Wallack and Miss Turpin, to the *Agreeable Surprise* of many of those who *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, and know that *Three Weeks after Marriage* and the *Honey Moon* form no *principal characters* in the *Inconstant*, passed the *Happiest Days of their Lives*, by *performing* the two leading parts in the serious afterpiece of *Matrimony*. It was not a *Clandestine Marriage*, but *open as day*, and the *happy pair paired off to Love in a Village*."

After coining a mint of money, Madame Malibran and her *cara sposa*, M. de Beriot, sailed for Antwerp on Sunday morning, in the steam-packet Soho, and they were expected to reach the splendid chateau of the prima donna at Brussels yesterday. The Duke Charles of Brunswick, and several distinguished amateurs of the drama, were present at their departure. The Duchess of St. Albans, who occupied her box at Drury-lane on Saturday evening, had an interview with the accomplished *cantatrice* after the conclusion of the performance, and after expressing her admiration of her transcendant powers of singing and acting, begged her acceptance of what she happened to hold in her hands—an embroidered handkerchief and a cut bottle—for both of which Madame Malibran cheerfully expressed her acknowledgments.

It was understood, when we went to press, (Friday, 10½ o'clock,) that BOOTH was to play on Monday night next, at the National, and Miss CLIFTON on Thursday, so that the two most eminent tragedians on the stage will appear the same week. We trust the circumstance will not give Hector and Bruin at the Bowery, the hydrophobia.

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

The *Park* closed on Thursday, to make way for the painters and carpenters, but re-opens on Monday next with Mr. POWER, who arrived in the Geo. Washington from Liverpool, accompanied by W. S. FREDERICKS and W. CHIPPENDALE, from the London theatres. Mr. and Mrs. KEELEY are daily expected. ELLEN TREE is to be here by Nov., and very likely CHARLES KEAN. JONES, the vocalist, is now on his way, and Mrs. AUSTIN sails the last of next month. The above, with BALLS, ABBOTT, Miss PHILLIPS, and Miss WHEATLEY, make the first "round dozen" of stars, whose lustre is to be reflected in the theatrical firmament of the Park.

Miss EMMA WHEATLEY's benefit on Tuesday produced her over $1000. We congratulate her upon her success. JOHN REEVE in the handsomest manner volunteered, without being "but too happy to play for her benefit," and charging her $100 the next day, *a la* Mr. Charles Kemble! Miss W. is one of the most charming young actresses in the country, but much as we like originality, we cannot but believe she would have been still further advanced in the good opinion of her admirers had she persevered in adopting Miss Fanny Kemble as her model in style, spirit, and expression.

Mr. OXLEY concluded a flattering engagement on Wednesday. He reminds one of young Kean, though he lacks the refinement and intellectuality of that promising young tragedian. However, nature has done so much for him, that study and attention to the minutiæ of his profession will place him at its summit, if he improves his advantages.

Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES—the pretty name of a very pretty and intellectual young creature, just ripening into womanhood—what shall be said of her? We believe it was good old John Lang, of the Gazette, who advised his old crony, her father, to marry her to some one of the intelligent clever fellows that fell in love with her at her debut. Her genius and acquirements more befit her to shine as a dramatist, than to render her a favorite upon the stage; and she would indeed be "a bright particular star" in any domestic circle of society. Accomplished, gifted, and beautiful as she is, the physical force, as well as the figure and voice, is wanting to enable her to command success in her profession. Besides, beyond the wish, there is no necessity, not the remotest, for her appearing a single night upon the boards of a theatre. Barnes, as Dogberry says, is "a wise fellow; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him." Ergo, as Miss Charlotte is "sole daughter of his house and heart," he may retire to-morrow, and with his excellent and amiable wife, repose upon their laurels, and enjoy the ample "good the Gods have sent them." Miss Barnes' readings are frequently very fine, and she understands perfectly, however she may convey, the author's meaning. If she determines to persevere, so be it; our best wishes go with her, in any event.

Placide, Fisher and Mason, with Mesdames Gurner and Vernon, have returned from their rural retreats in the country, and resume their situations at the Park on Monday in fine health and spirits. The "*resignations*" in the stock company alluded to by us last Saturday, have in part taken place. We beg to suggest that a complimentary benefit, by which Mrs. HILSON shall realize a few thousand dollars, be given to that lady in aid of a fund, as in the case of the veteran COOPER. Her strength and delicate health are unequal to the task of leading the business at the Park; and we make no doubt of her willingness to retire from so arduous a situation if her many friends make such a provision for her as she is entitled to expect, having worn herself out in the service of the public.

The *National*, under Flynn and Willard's management, opens on Monday, with a capital stock company and more "stars" than Locke saw when he made his "Lunar Discoveries" with "Sir John Hershell's telescope at the Cape" of his window in the Sun office. In addition to several persons with whom negotiations are pending in England, whose names we are not at liberty to mention the managers have engaged Miss CLIFTON, CELESTE, Mrs. and Miss WATSON, Mrs. FLYNN, Madame Denis, Booth, James, W. Wallack, Mitchell, Howard, Plumer, Rice, John R. Scott, and a French troupe of twelve, headed by Gabriel Ravel.

The *Franklin* is pursuing the even tenor of its way with a very clever company. The managers appear determined to give the public their money's worth, and the parties seem satisfied with each other. Blake, and John and William Sefton, are each "great creatures" in their way. The first named, as a comedian, is superior even to Balls in most of their characters, while John Sefton is at the head of those playing his line of business. Miss Kerr is a clever *danseuse*, and the female portion of the company highly respectable.

The *Bowery* management, by an immense outlay of funds, has had the singular good fortune to "secure the services" of no less a magnet of attraction than ANN WARING! Among the other stars, are Mr. Blakely, the Harrisons, Mrs. Herring, and Mr. Cony's dogs, Hector and Bruin. We had some hopes of the Park and the National until we heard Hector and Bruin were engaged at the Bowery. There is a Miss CUSHMAN coming out here, who is said really to possess considerable talent. We shall see, as she is engaged for three years. Mrs. SHARPE and HACKETT are expected, like Christmas, in the course of the season.

Mr. CHARLES, the young comedian, is said to be engaged in fitting up Mrs. Hamblin's Richmond Hill theatre, having become its lessee.

Mr. BLAKE (Wm. Rufus) opens the Albany theatre on Monday week, with a good company. Among the stars will probably be Mr. FORREST, should he determine to appear at all during his present stay. The Albanians claim to have been the first to discover his talent.

BARNES and family go West directly on a starring tour.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. SIMPSON, of the Park, has anticipated the wishes of many of her admirers in town, at some inconvenience, by giving a limited engagement to Mrs. HODGES, (late Miss Nelson), the universal "pet of the petticoats" at the South and West. She dances like a very sylph, has killing eyes, and in fawn colored tights is a perfect Cupid! Let the crusty old bachelors look out!

The foreign correspondent of the Evening Star tells the following good story of FLYNN, co-manager of the National theatre in this city:—

"Flynn concocted Jim Crow's opening bill at the Surrey—the result was complete success, because the bill appealed, and truly, to the fact that in America, English actors had invariably been well and kindly received. But, if the *unanimous* opinion of the London papers is to go for any thing, Rice's own merits are great. He has made such a hit at the Surrey, that they want him at the West end, at the English Opera House. Monerief, the dramatist, or, more properly, the melo-dramatist, is writing a piece for him called "Jim Crow in England."

"You may have noticed Flynn's remarkable likeness to George IV. The features are nearly similar. A curious incident arose out of this resemblance, while he was in London. He went to Vauxhall in company with Rice, Hugh Kirkman, Pinchon, and others—a jovial crew. He was dressed with some taste, and even splendor, in a suit from no less an artist that the fashioner who clothes the Duke of Buccleuch, and walked (we may suppose) as if he was "aye, every inch a King." As he was going a-head, Sir Charles Wombwell came up, familiarly took him by the arm, and said, "Doll, come and see the fireworks." Flynn made no reply beyond a bow of assent, and they walked on. Presently Sir Charles started, for another "Doll" was before him! He had mistaken "the National" for Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence!! and the real Simon Pure seemed "struck in a heap," by the appearance of his double.

"Lord Adolphus soon left Vauxhall, but Flynn & Co. remained, and Rice, to humor the Joke, kept calling him "My Lord." This, and the remarkable likeness, made every one *positive* that it was Lord Adolphus, and he was surrounded by crowds anxious to see the King's son. Flynn graciously smiled on them, and the King's Coldstream Band struck up "God save the King," when Flynn came within view of the orchestra! They sat down at supper, and Rice asked if "his Lordship would allow an American national air to be played?" *His Lordship* graciously assented, waved his hand, and the band struck up "Yankee Doodle!" The *King's* band playing Yankee Doodle!! Every spectator took off his hat in imitation of "his Lordship." When the band ceased, Flynn sent a sovereign to the leader, and half a dozen of champagne to the band. "Ah," said the leader, "this is not Lord Adolphus, for *he* never does the handsome thing in this manner." So much for resemblance."

Dr. MACKENZIE speaks of the "jovial crew" from America, with Flynn at Vauxhall. He would have thought so had he been there, we "guess." KIRKMAN and PYNCHON (of Nashville, Tenn.) are purchasing blooded stock in England, as will be seen by one of the letters in to-day's paper, from our Liverpool correspondent. We look for them here in the course of a few weeks, with *Glencoe* and other good ones.

Sporting Varieties.

A Banter for $1000.

The subscriber proposes to run his celebrated horse *Ball* against *Negro*, at either of the below-mentioned places on the following terms:—

1. He will bet $1000, and run over the quarter course, near Pittsylvania Court-house, called Tunstall's Paths, and pay the owners of Negro the expenses of a fortnight's keeping. Or,

2. He will run over the Southerlin Paths, near Danville, on the same terms. Or

3. He will meet them on half way ground, on equal terms. And provided they are unwilling to meet him on half-way ground, and will pay his expenses, he will meet them at Blacksburg, Va. PHILIP G. WILLIAMS.

August 13, 1836.

A Banter.

They are "going it with a perfect looseness" in Kentucky and Tennessee, about these days. Here's the last banter of Old Kentuck, from the Lexington Observer of the 17th inst:—

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Seeing that the Tennesseeans are bantering largely upon their *horses*, we have thought it probable that they have equally as high an opinion of their *men* also. We therefore propose to run a *Foot Race* at Louisville, immediately after the race between *Rodolph* and *Angora* comes off, for $1000, $2000, or $3000. Distance, one hundred yards. If any Tennesseean wishes to take up the above banter, he can leave his name with the editors of this paper. The stakes to be deposited in the Northern Bank of Kentucky, by the 10th of September next.

[The following banter appeared in this paper a few weeks since, though not in an appropriate column, and we re-publish it by request]:—

A Banter to the Owners of Jim K. Polk!

If they consider him a *race horse*, and wish to show it to the world, I will give him a *small turn* for $1000, with my Havoc filly VOILA, according to rule, and they may set the distance, and I will run at any track in the State. He has beat the filly this spring, so of course can have no objection to another *turn*, as it proved a very easy going race. I will run any time between the first of October and the first of June, 1837; they have only to name the time and place they wish to run.

Manchester, (Miss.) June 20, 1836. J. R. HEAD.

N. B. If it is convenient, I would like Mr. Eury to enter his mare *Margery Greer* at the above named sum, if the owners of *Jim Polk* do not object.

J. R. H.

To this challenge the annexed reply has been made:—

A Banter Taken Up.

The article under the head of "A Banter," in the Manchester paper of June the 20th, is just in time. Mr. J. R. Head can prepare himself to be at the race between the mare alluded to and *Jim Polk*, on the first day of October, made by Col. O. Claiborne and the owners of the horse, for one thousand dollars a side, agreeable to rule: two mile heats, half forfeit.

Mr. Head's banter is taken up, as a by-bet of one thousand dollars, to be decided by the same race—half forfeit. THE OWNERS OF JIM POLK.

Maidsonville, (Miss.) July 11th, 1836

Capt. Parker's company of Union Riflemen start on a target excursion next Thursday to Missereau's Ferry. The company will be under arms at the City Hall at eight o'clock, and leave in the Cinderella at nine. Several distinguished amateurs and military functionaries will be in attendance, and we anticipate to see the best rifle target ever made here.

☞ The Sweepstakes, mile and two mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100, to be run over the Eagle Course, Trenton, close on the 1st Sept. See advertisement, and make your nominations, gentlemen.

SAILING MATCH.—On Thursday, the 1st inst., came off a sailing match between the *Gladiator, Jr.* and the *Kennedy*, jib and mainsail rigged pleasure boats, manned with a crew of three men each. They started from the foot of Stanton-street, and sailed round a buoy at Throg's Point and returned, a distance of seventeen miles, in 4h. 45m. The Gladiator, Jr. came in ahead about 350 yards.

Who is in want of a good five year old stallion? A gentleman of New Jersey writes that he has such an one, that has never been trained, which will be sold at a bargain. He is a sorrel c., foaled in May, 1831, by Henry, out of Lively, by Eclipse, g.d. Thorne's Maria, by imp. Diomed, etc. For further particulars, enquire of the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

Errata.—We were misinformed in relation to Mr. TILLOTSON's stable, so far as *Admiral* and *Coronet* were concerned. We stated that the first had been fired and blistered, but trusted to render a good account of himself in his coming match with Margaret Armistead. It seems, however, that he has been thrown out of training, and that his spirited owner will pay forfeit. Coronet *is* in training, and looking fine; he is said to have an important engagement in one of the Fall meetings.

We never knew our city so crowded with Southern and Western people as at present. Among them almost every Jockey Club in the United States is represented, and great numbers will remain to attend the 1st Fall meeting on the Union course, which comes off on the 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct., a fortnight subsequent to the Trenton races, which commence on the 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept. Lots of sport is anticipated at both meetings.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.

BATESVILLE, ARKANSAS, *July* 3, 1836.

DEAR PORTER—I rather *guess* you never watched all night at a deer lick.—Well, of all watching, a leetle the *toughest* is watching for Uncle Sam's mail.—She comes here seldom, and is no great shakes when she does come. We get news from your big city in from 22 to 40 days.

I don't blame Gen. Jackson—I don't blame Mr. Kendall—"I don't blame any body," it is my luck.

I have been rather sick ever since I reached home, and have indulged but once in a hunt. On yesterday I rode out a mile from town, and had a running shot at a buck—struck him—had no dog: he put to a thicket, and I came home without venison.

Staid all night at a fellow's house as I came from the Rock. He got in about dark; had flung three old bucks; next night lodged at M———'s, a crack hunter. [The skins of the wolves he has taken would clothe half the U. S. army]. He was just from the Springs; had been to two licks—they are not far apart. In the first one he upset an old buck—went to the second; on his way killed two more; returned, and came it rough-shod over another brace, making five in all in the short space of not more than twenty-five minutes. A merchant of the name of Campbell, in Washington county, used up three at one shot; they were streaking it when he opened upon them with an old fusee.

Do you want to hear a *Panther* story? If so, here goes—'tis true as the best of preaching.

Some hands were at work in a field in the Arkansas bottom: it was "*clearing up*" time, and they had rolled and were burning all the logs. While they were at breakfast, a negro woman who had remained was attacked by a large panther; he scratched and bit her—she bit him again, but it would not do—the panther had oversized her pile and was using her up fast. She crawled to the log heap and seized a chunk, and by burning him in the mouth, forced him to "hands off."—He retired sulkily from the field. The negro men returned, and finding the woman most horribly lacerated, they knew the animal, and that he would return again to his victim, and with this knowledge, one of them placed himself at the edge of the cone armed with an axe; presently he came, and made "right plum at the nigger," who becoming scared threw his axe—the *Panther* dodged, and at it they went. "Hit him agin, he has got no friends: go it my nigger—go it my panther." The nigger flung him the high fall, and though he was a bulger, held him fast until one of the others came up and despatched him. There is an odd sort of genius at the Rock, called *now, Farmer Smith*; he was once *tailor Smith*, but since he has turned his attention to raising poultry, vegetables, and other branches of the fine arts, has sunk the *tailor*. He had a male and female panther that were quite tame, which unfortunately were killed a short time since by eating a big bait of *perrogets*, the head of which is perfectly poisonous.—Smith says the old *he* died hard, and in his last struggles, was like the barber's cat, all wind and water. S. is great for fist fights, and, although small, is bloody good; he swears when he strikes a fellow, it is like the kick of a *Rhode Island jack-ass*.

He once knocked a fellow down because he (being hard of hearing) thought the man's mouth went as if it *said liar*, and he *hit him on suspicion*.

They are making a fine track here, and on its completion a Jockey Club will be organized. There will be a colt race in September, $20 entrance; the Club to add something to the entrance. This will be an interesting race.

A. *gives* B. thirty feet in a quarter of a mile, the Judges decide *A* has beaten *B* thirty feet—who wins the race? Suppose *B* takes his thirty feet at the start, and they come out locked? and further suppose *A* should have said in making the match, that he could *beat B* thirty feet in a quarter, and the judges decide he has won the race by thirty feet—who wins? Will Friend *Davie* (than whom no man is better acquainted with the rules of quarter racing) give his opinion of the matter.

It has been so hot, and the election having taken place on Monday, I have not been on a hunt—but, *prehaps*, next week I will raise a fuss in the wilderness.

Uncas, Sir William, Collingwood, and Metamora, are the crack nags of Arkansas. If they come together I will give you the particulars. Will the South and North make another match? "Dye roots and tan-bark," and less squabbling. If Mingo goes in right plight, some of the knowing "*uns*" will feel like *possums* choked with pot hooks.

Lazily and warm, I subscribe myself, truly yours, N.

TABLE TALK.

We find the following in the obituary of Tuesday:—"At Barlby, near Selby aged 82, Miss Huby, a rich old maid. She has left 150 legacies, and a request that her funeral may proceed across the road at the time the mail is passing, so as to stop its progress."—We suppose the defunct old Tabby intends to make a post-obit display of "tit for tat" in this direction. As she never arrested the attention of a *male* while living, the old maid seemed determined to make *one* take notice of her when dead.

A Frenchwoman, we perceive, advertises in the *Times* that she has arrived in town, and is ready to wait on gentlemen to change the color of their hair, and keep their whiskers in order for 10s. per month. She is not the first Frenchwoman we suspect whose trade has been the *turning* of Englishmen's *heads*.—We hear the Marquis of Queensberry has retained her as his whisker fingerer.

The Princess of Sobre is about to marry the Prince of Salms. This distinguished lady is not only a *Sober*, but a *religious* Princess. She is attached to P-*salms* and rejoices in *Hymn*.

The answer to an anxious inquiry at the J. U. S. Club, whether the inflammation caused by the late accident to the Duke of Wellington had extended beyond the knee joint, by a facetious member of that association, was given thus laconically—"*Knee plus ultra*."

What kind of rent does a tenant who flits by night pay? D'ye give it up?—A *Quit*-rent.

Sam Rogers, alluding to the recent Thespian transatlantic flare-up, remarked that it was natural to be supposed, possessed as the Americans were of a native *Forrest* of fame, that they should show feelings of dissatisfaction at an English "*Wood*."

We read somewhere the other day about a tooth of Napoleon's being offered for sale. The Emperor having been dead for some years, we imagined we should not have had any more of his *jaw*—least of all that he of all men would show his *teeth* when he was not in a situation to *bite*. We hear that some person about to become a purchaser, being rather sceptical as to its identity, had his scruples satisfied by its strong similarity to a *Bony-part* of Napoleon.

The rival stars of the present day are the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the new American comedian over the water. The performances of both Rices are truly laughable; and it is difficult to determine whether the actor in the Senate or the one at the Surrey is the most entitled to popular applause. Spring Rice has had the sobriquet of "Jim Crow" given him by Pullet Thomson out of compliment to the Yankee, which has set him almost *raven* mad.

"Why are Yorkshiremen the best horsemen in England? asked Kearsley of Jack Gully the other evening. Jack of course could not guess. "Coz they have more *Ridings* than any other county," replied the Joker-General to the Collective Wisdom.

Lord Brougham is obliged, the papers state, from the excessive heat of the weather, to remain in Lincolnshire. Sam Rogers recommends him to go to Greenland—not only because it is a n-*ice* place at this warm period, but because he may possibly "*catch the Seals*" *there*.

One of the most appropriate advertisements that we happen to have read for some time past, is that of the "Killing Shootings" to be let in the Highlands. The "Killing Shootings" will no doubt be speedily taken up "as sure as a gun."

By Mrs. COL. EVANS.—If I was to make my father's mother list as a volunteer in the Legion, in what corps would I place her?—Amongst the "*Granny-dears!*"

Mike Scales says the queerest river in all England is in Essex, because it's near *Rum-ford*.

Count D'Orsay only missed 17 out of 108 pigeons the other day at a grand match, the papers say. We only wonder how the Count happened to miss a single *pigeon* with such *rifles* as he possesses.

Tom Dunscomb authorises us, in the most emphatic manner possible, to contradict the report that he was the monk of La Trappe that a Jew charitably relieved in the street the other day. Tom swears he hates all "Traps;" and solemnly declares a *Jew* never *did* for him any other way than out of the coin.

The following advertisement will be found in the *Times* of Wednesday:—"A respectable young married woman is in want of a child." The advertisement adds:—"references will be required." Very proper for such a supply of such an extraordinary want. London Age.

M.D's AND M.P's.—The Council of the University of Paris have refused the application of a female, who has already obtained a diploma as a "midwife," to attend lectures at the Ecole de Medecine as a student, with a view of obtaining that of M.D. We consider this an act of gross injustice; surely, when so many "*old women*" are licensed to *quack* in France and England as *M.P.'s*, a few may be fairly permitted to bleed, dose, and blister the people as *M.D.'s*. "The rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Notwithstanding the termination of the Norton affair, Melbourne still continues to enjoy among the clubs the soubriquet of the *belle*-weather of the ministerial flock.

John t..e *Grunter*, when under examination before a Committee of the House, stated, "that *pig* iron got its name in consequence of having been first employed in *ringing* the snouts of the female portion of the swinish multitude." All the "whole hog" men coincide with the Grunter.

Liston Bulwer states that he is a descendant of the Protestant emigrant who came over here after the Edict of Nantes. Yet we believe him and Rogers coincides with us. "Liston, living as he is away from his virtuous wife, does not embrace," ejaculated the ancient wit, "the clearest possible proof that he is in the line direct from the *Hug-you-nots*." (Huguenots). The above is *tailed* and retailed at Brooke's as a d—d good bad one.

Hook (who cribs by the way all our good things), on being told by our man of genius that Lord Ducie had a grand dinner party the other day, incontinently exclaimed, "The *deuce he has*; I suppose the after invitations for the evening run like a supœna, *duces-tea-come*."

We perceive it is stated in the papers that a deputation of Dublin grocers had an interview the other day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Rice declared he never met with a *grosser* set in his life; and although many of them might appear to be worth a *plum*, he dismissed them in his accustomed cavalier style, by saying a *fig* for their *raisins*. What else could the deputation expect? Rice is the last man in the world to say *sweet* things, although a tea deputation may be disposed of to suit to a *T*.

Tom Campbell speaks thus highly laudatory of nettles—"In Scotland I have eaten nettles, I have slept in nettle sheets, and I have dined off a nettle tablecloth." This accounts for Tom's irritability—no wonder when he has been so much accustomed to be *nettled*.

MUNICH.—"The young Count Monteglas, son of the former Prime Minister, who lately married an English lady, attempted a few days ago to commit suicide by inflicting a deep wound with a dagger in his forehead. The act took place in Max-street." Perhaps the lady stuck something there before for the young Count. *Max*-street, it must be admitted is a very appropriate spot.

A cracked Quaker of the name of Tamwell, we perceive by the Sidney papers, a member of a Temperance Society, in order to prove his anti-spiritual devotion, poured into the sea 600 gallons of rum and gin in the presence of a large number of persons. Charles Pearson has had a fit of illness since hearing of this occurrence, and ejaculated that "Tamwell ought to have been d—d well hided, and chucked in afterwards for such a insane *go*." For our parts, we think if he had poured water into the rum, and not the rum in the water, he would have better aided the cause of temperance.

AN EXCURSION OF FANCY.—"Madame Vestris is going on a pleasure jaunt down the Rhine, and does not intend acting until the opening of the Olympic on the 30th of September." That our friend Eliza should take a pleasureable ride down the Rhine during the hot season is what we might expect; but how she can do without acting until the 30th of September is to us incomprehensible.

Louis Philippe is said to have escaped the ball of the assassin, on the late attempt on his life, by returning the salute of the National Guard. This comes of being polite; an act of courtesy is seldom thrown away, and, as in this instance, a bullet is sometimes saved by a bow.

A PHILOSOPHER'S SKULL.—A famous craniologist strolling through St. Bury's churchyard the other day, perceived a grave-digger tossing up the earth, amongst which were two or three skulls. The craniologist took up one, and after considering it a little time said, "Ah! this was the skull of a *philosopher*." "Very like," said the grave-digger, "for I see it is somewhat *cracked*."

The man Twiss has his name on the committee of several speculating companies; he is anxious to improve the agriculture of Jamaica, and to bob for whale somewhere in the North of Ireland. In the Irish Fishery Company, he is associated with a Mr. Pike, who no doubt, like himself, is after the gudgeons.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, July 20, 1836.

Since my last, the sporting world has been considerably on the *qui vive*. We *have* had Newmarket July races, and we are having those of Liverpool.

At NEWMARKET, the July Stakes and the Chesterfield Stakes excited very considerable interest. The amount in money is considerable, and none but *crack* cattle are entered.

For the July Stakes, (50*l*. each, 23 subs.,) amounting to £1150, the bets were *immense*. None but 2 year olds can run for these stakes—hence the betters have little for their guidance save the *get* of the cattle. Of the 23 entered, not more than 8 were expected to start, and only 7 did start. Col. Peel's gr. f. by Sultan out of Fille de Joie, and Lord Orford's f. Angelica, by Mulatto, were the favorites on the betting. Lord Exeter had "a lot" entered, that is, c. by Sultan, out of Miss Cantley, (Bro. to Beiram), and a f. by Priam, out of Verna, Mr. Greville had 2, Sir M. Wood had 3, Lord Chesterfield 2, Mr. Ridsdale 2, Sir S. Graham 2, J. Day 2, Chifney 1. The day before the race, the bets at Tattersall's were

5 to 3 agst. Fille de Joie filly, (taken.)
3 to 1 — Angelica filly.
3 to 1 — Lord Exeter's lot.

The Newmarket meeting commenced on Tuesday, July 12. Previous to the races, the sale of Mr. Ridsdale's horses in training took place. Among the stock was b. f. Venilia, by Velocipede, out of Charity; this filly was entered for the July Stakes, but was not expected to run. Mr. Ridsdale's assignees, however, paid up all his forfeits, the sale went on, and Lord Chesterfield became owner of Venilia, for 370 guineas. In a subsequent part of this letter I shall mention particulars of the sale, Ridsdale's being one of the finest studs in England.

Previous to the sale, Col. Peel's gr. f. by Sultan, out of Fille de Joie, was the favorite, and backed at 5 to 4. Lord Chesterfield immediately on purchasing Venilia, decided on starting her. Bets were made (to a large amount) at 5 to 3 and 3 to 1. The bets on the ground, previous to starting, were 6 to 4 agst. Fille de Joie (taken), 3 to 1 agst. Venilia, 3 to 1 agst. Angelica, and 5 to 1 agst. Bro. to Beiram, and 6 to 1 agst. Angelica. Now for the race:—

The July Stakes of 50 sovs. each, 30 ft;, for two yrs old. New T. Y. C.
23 Subscribers.

Lord Orford's f by Mulatto (Angelica), Nat	0	1
Lord Exeter's Bro to Beiram	0	2
Colonel Peel's gr f by Sultan, out of Fille de Joie	0	3
Lord Chesterfield's f Venilia, by Velocipede	4	0

The following also started:—Mr. Wilson's ch c by Comus, dam by Figaro; Mr. Pettit's c by Tranby, dam by Abjer; and Sir S. Graham's f by Shakspeare, out of Twatty.

Brother to Beiram took the lead, followed by Fille de Joie filly (the favorite), Angelica and Venilia pretty close up: Venilia outside. Half-way, these four singled themselves out, and left the other three *no where*. Brother to Beiram kept the lead, Venilia seemed tired, and Angelica rather cross in the mouth. They ran together, however, head and head, until they reached the cords, when Brother to Beiram lagged in his pace for a moment. The Fille de Joie and Angelica fillies caught him at the Post, and made it a dead heat, beating *Venilia only by a neck!* It was beautifully ran all through.

A second heat was necessary, of course. The betting now became *enormous*. 5 to 4 agst. Fille de Joie, 9 to 1 agst Brother to Beiram, and 7 to 2 agst Angelica (taken). Here Brother to Beiram again played "follow the leader." Angelica waited until they began to drop the hill, ran even with them to the cords, and won cleverly by a length. Col. Peel's filly (by Fille de Joie) was second, beating Brother to Beiram by half a length.

This race has taken in the knowing ones, as Angelica was scarcely talked of. This filly (by Mulatto, out of Angelica, by Rubens) was rode by Natt, and is entered, in Mr. Hart's name, for the Newmarket 2d October meeting, to run (Friday, Oct. 21) for the Pendergast Stakes. I see that Brother to Beiram is in the same entry.

Previous to the July Stakes race, *the* race of the day, the two following were ran:—

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for three yrs. old; colts, 8st. 6lb.; fillies, 8st. 3lb.
New T.Y.C.

Mr. Bird's Redshank	Boyce	1
Lord Berner's c by Lamplighter		2
Col. Peel's Arsenic		3
Mr. Sowerby's St. Luke		4
Lord Exeter's Lady Ann		5

5 to 2 on Redshank, who won by a length easy.

Match, 100, h. ft. T.Y.C.—Lord Lichfield's Toss-Up, 8st. 7lb. (J. Day) beat Lord Exeter's Jemmy, 8st., by half a length. 5 to 4 on Toss-Up.

The last race was a walk-over, by Col. Peel's f. Guess, by Jerry, out of Stays. It was a Sweepstakes of 100*l*. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1833.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13.

50*l*., for three year olds, 6st 11lb; 4 yrs 8st 2lb; 5 yrs 8st 10lb; 6 yrs and aged, 9st; D. I.

Mr. J. Peel's Uncle Toby, 6 yrs (Nat)	1
Lord Exeter's Luck's-All, 4 yrs	2
Sir M. Wood's Amesbury aged	3
Col. Peel's Castaway, 4 yrs	4

Betting, 6 to 5 agst. Luck's-All, 10 to 6 agst. Amesbury, and 4 to 1 agst. Uncle Toby, who took the lead, at less than three-quarters speed, and kept in front to the turn of the lands, where the running was taken up, at an improved pace, by Luck's-All, near the cords, Uncle Toby went up, defeated him, and won cleverly by half a length. Amesbury was beaten a length from the winner, and Castaway tailed off.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each was in the list the night previous, to close and name at the usual time, and five or six trainers were at the rooms to enter, also in the "usual" way—that is, each waited to see what the others put down, till the time was up, and the stakes void. This system is notoriously prejudicial to sport, and can easily be remedied, by rendering it imperative on all parties to deliver their nominations sealed up.

THURSDAY.

The Town Plate of £50, for three year olds; colts, 8st 4lb; fillies, 8st; last mile and a dis of B C. (Mr. Perram's donation not having been claimed this year as a marriage portion, the winner of this plate was entitled to it.)

Mr. Bird's Redshank (Boyce)	1
Mr. Batson's Taishteer	2
Mr. Newbold's b c by Tramp, out of Neva	3

Betting, 6 to 1 on Redshank, who took the lead, was never caught, and won in a canter by four lengths. It was scarcely a gallop for him.

SWEEPSTAKES of 10 sovs each, for two year olds; colts, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 2lb; T.Y.C; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs if demanded, &c. 6 subs.

Mr. Thornhill's b c by Emilius, out of Misrule, (Conolly)	1
Lord Chesterfield's c by Shakspeare, out of Eva's dam	2

The following were not placed:—Mr. Irby's c by Shakspeare, out of Clansman's dam; Col. Peel's br f by Edmund, out of Medora; Mr. T. Oarter's b c Caricature, by Shakspeare, out of Plantagenet's dam; and Lord Exeter's b f by Priam, out of Varna. Betting, 3 to 1 agst Varna, 7 to 2 agst Eva, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Irby's. The horses started in a line, and kept so till within a distance of home, where Caricature and Mr. Kirby's colt fell off. The other four struggled nearly abreast to the end, Misrule winning by a head only. The Medora and Varna fillies were barely half a length from the second; the winner was claimed.

The CHESTERFIELD STAKES of 30 sovs each, 20 ft, for two year olds; colts, 8st 5lb; fillies, 8st 2lb; the last half mile of B.M.; the winner of the July stakes to carry 9lb, and the second horse 4lb extra. 30 subs.

Lord Exeter's Brother to Beiram, 8st 9lb (Conolly)	1
Gen. Yates's c Grand Cairo, by Camel, out of Gabrielle	2
Sir M. Wood's ch f by Lungar, out of Isabelle	3

The following were not placed:—Mr. Greville's ch f Mariette, by Priam, out of Maria; Lord Exeter's c, by Redgauntlet, out of Augusta's dam; Mr. Newton's b c by Cetus, out of Brillante; Col. Peel's gr f by Sultan, out of Fille de Joie; Gen. Grosvenor's f Laodice, by Priam, out of Icaria; and Mr. Cook's b c Winford. Betting,—6 to 5 agst Grand Cairo, 5 to 1 agst Bro to Beiram, 5 to 1 agst Laodice, and 8 to 1 agst Redgauntlet. The lot got well off, Bro to Beiram

having a slight advantage in the start. He took the lead, followed by Mr. Newton's colt, to the plantation, where the latter died away. Grand Cairo, the Langar filly, and Laodice now laid up, Bro to Beiram pulling hard all the time, and supporting his lead till opposite the stand, where Grand Cairo went up, headed him for a moment, dropped off, and was beaten a length. The Langar filly made a rush at the last, and was only half a length from the second. Laodice was fourth, Redgauntlet fifth, Mariette and Fille de Joie sixth, and the other two beaten off. The winner ran rather unkindly at one time, as he did for the July Stakes.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, for all ages (two-year olds excepted); to start at the starting-post of B. M., and run to the end of New T.Y.C. 3 subs.

Sir M. Wood's The Glama, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb (Robinson) 1
Mr. H. Stacey's Bodice, by Whalebone, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb 2
Lord Chesterfield's Juliana, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb 3

Betting,—Even on the Glama, and 7 to 4 agst Bodice. After going the first quarter of a mile at a wretched pace, Bodice took the lead, and had it all to herself till right on the post, where the Glama made a desperate effort, and won by a head. Bodice surprised her owner by dropping a foal about two months since, while in full training.

Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for two-year-olds, 6st 11lb; 3 yrs, 9st; New T.Y.C.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs if demanded, &c. 6 subs.

Lord Exeter's Jemmy, 3 yrs (Conolly) 1
Mr. Hunter's gr f by Gustavus, out of Peggy, 2 yrs 2
Mr. Newton's c by Cetus, out of Brillante, 2 yrs 3
Mr. Cover's b f by Emilianus, out of Chamois, 2 yrs 4
Mr. Walker's Vandenhoff, 3 yrs 5

Betting,—6 to 4 agst Vandenhoff, and 2 to 1 agst Jemmy, who made all the play, and won by two lengths easy.

The running for the two great 2 yrs. old races (July and Chesterfield stakes) is considered good and fair. Much money has changed hands.

Lord Chesterfield is the new Steward (from the Jockey Club) at New Market, *vice* Colonel Peel, whose 3 years have expired.

Among the visitors at the July meeting were— Dukes of Portland and Gratton, Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter; Earls Verulam, Jersey, Oxford, Chesterfield, and Digby; Lords Suffield, G. Bentinck, Villiers, J. Fitzroy, Bingham, Berners, and C. Manners; Hon. G. Byng, Hon. G. Anson, Hon. — Lumley; Sirs J. Shelley, D. Baird, S. Graham, M. Wood; Colonel Peel, Major Copeland, Captain Gardnor; Messrs. Greville, Cookes, M.P., &c.

There will be three other meetings at Newmarket this year. First October meeting, Oct. 4; second do., Oct. 17; Houghton do., Oct. 31.

RIDSDALE'S STUD.

The following is a return of the horses sold on Tuesday (July 12), from the stud of Mr. Ridsdale, who is a bankrupt—by losses on the late Derby. The cattle are sold, *with these engagements*:—

	Guineas.
Bamfylde, by Tramp, out of Young Petuaria, by Rainbow	370
Bay Colt, 3 yrs old, by Tramp, out of Neva, by Cervantes	100
Chesnut Colt, 3 yrs, by Tramp, out of Lunacy, by Blacklock	200
Galliard, 3 yrs, by Tramp, out of Ridotto, by Reveller	200
Venilia, 2 yrs, by Velocipede, out of Charity, by Tramp	370
Brown Filly, 2 yrs, by Tramp, out of Amyrillis	70
Chersidamas, 2 yrs, by Priam, out of Flora, by Camillus	255
Marchesiana, 2 yrs, by Tramp, out of Marchesa	31
Bay Colt, 2 yrs, by Tramp, out of Lunacy, by Blacklock	135
Bay Colt, 2 yrs, by Tramp, out of Miss Armstrong	62
BROOD MARES.	
Florestine, (foaled in 1829), by Whisker, out of Flora; with a filly foal, by Mulatto, and covered by Plenipotentiary	150
Miss Armstrong (foaled in 1825), by Whisker; with a colt foal, by Mulatto, and covered by Plenipotentiary	135
Total	2078

The remainder of Ridsdale's stock will be sold, by Tattersall, on August 2 and 3, (after the Goodwood meeting) at Murton Stud Farm, near York. This includes a fine stock of brood mares and foals, yearlings, 2 year olds, hunters, ponies, and horses in training. As Hugh Kirkman is here, with his eyes wide open, I dare say he will pick up something worth having, for his uncle, Mr. Jackson, who is doing so much for the American Turf.

Liverpool Races.—This meeting commenced yesterday. Lord Stanley one of the Stewards. The weather was wet and windy, and the attendance of company bad. Among them I noticed the Earl of Derby, Lord Stanley, Lord Kelbane, Lord Robert Grosvenor, Lord Eglington, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Lord Chas. Bentinck, the Hon. E. L. M. Mostyn, Sir James Boswell, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Dundas.

The races of the first day are of little consequence. On the second day (this day) the Tradesman's Cup will be run for—the King's Plate to-morrow—and the Stand Cup on Friday.

The running commenced with the Croxteth Stakes, of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 30 added; one mile and a quarter.

Lord Derby's ch c Amurath, 4 yrs (Arthur, jun.) 1
Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn's b c Tom Shipman 3 yrs 2
Mr. Nanney's b g Friar Tuck 4 yrs 3
Sir T. S. M. Stanley's ch g Jacob Faithful 4 yrs 0
Mr. Armitagens' ch f by Actæon 3 yrs 0

Sir James Boswell's b m Bella paid forfeit. Tom Shipman had the call, but Amurath won in a canter.

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for the produce of mares covered in 1832; two miles.

Sir T. Stanley's ch c Japhet, (Templeman) 1
Lord Westminster's b f Sarcasm, by Teniers 2
Sir T. Stanley's b f by Filho, out of a ch m by Reubens, Henry Masterton's dam 3

Six paid forfeit.—A fine race, won with difficulty; Sarcasm keeping close all through. It was hard to say who won.

A Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, p.p. with 30 added; T.Y.C.

Sir R. W. Bulkeley's ch c Bangalore, by Battledore, out of Miss Patrick, (Darling) 1
Sir T. S. M. Stanley's b c Pammon, by Priam, out of Baroness, bought at Lord Grey's sale 2
Sir Jas. Boswell's b c Calendar, by Canteen 0
Lord Derby's roan c Parolles, by Augustus or Shakspeare, out of Miss Craven 0
Sir R. Turner's c c Portland, by Recovery 0

Seven paid forfeit.—The betting was 5 to 4 on Calendar, 7 to 4 against Pammon, and 5 to 1 against Bangalore. The contest was between these, and Bangalore won with difficulty. Calendar third.

A Maiden Plate of 80 sovs. Heats: once round and a distance. The second horse to receive 20 sovs. out of the Plate.

Mr. Tiiburn's b c Master Christopher, (Edwards) 1 2 1
Mr. Wilkins' ch f Miss Rachel, by Corinthian, out of Queensberry's dam, 3 yrs 3 1 2
Mr. Thomas's br f Frances 2 3 3

One drawn.—Odds: 6 to 4 on the winner.

BETTING ON THE TRADES CUP, (AT LIVERPOOL).

5 to 4 agst General Chasse (taken)
7 to 2 —— Oswald
9 to 1 agst Verbena.
100 to 5 —— Purity.

Betting on the Liverpool Trades' Cup, at London, on Monday, July 18:—Two or three small bets were made against General Chasse at odds averaging 6 to 4; and 4 to 1 was laid that Mundig does not start. The quotation below must therefore be taken as a nominal one:—

6 to 4 agst Sir J. Boswell's General Chasse.
6 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes' Mundig.
Even on Chasse and Verbena agst the field.

Goodwood Cup, p.p.—The betting was confined to Hornsea and Bran, the former having been backed for a small sum, and the latter for between £300 and £400. The last prices were—

4 to 1 agst Lord Chesterfield's Hornsea (taken).
5 to 1 agst Sir E. Baker's Bran (take 6 to 1).

Goodwood Stakes, p.p.—The few engagements entered into on this race were at nearly the same odds last quoted from Newmarket, and were not of sufficient importance to require observation.

4 to 1 agst Mr. Theobald's Rockingham (taken).
8 to 1 — Mr. Osbaldeston's Rush.
10 to 1 — Duke of Richmond's Pussy (taken).
10 to 1 — Lord Tavistock's Oak Apple (taken).
10 to 1 — Mr. Forth's Louise.

It seems to be a matter of doubt whether Silenus will start either for this or the Cup.

St. Leger.—No change except in Wedge, who has dropped from 6 to 1 to 12 to 1, and is generally supposed to be amiss. We noticed, however, that one or two parties were endeavoring to get on at 20 to 1, and are inclined to suspect that he will "come again."

9 to 2 agst Lord Wilton's Gladiator.
8 to 1 — Mr. Bird's Redshank (taken).
8 to 1 — Hon. E. Mostyn's Trapball.
12 to 1 — Hon. Colonel Westenra's Wedge.
30 to 1 — Mr. Dawson's Locomotive (taken).

Derby.—10 to 1 offered on the field.

Mr. Chifney's colt The Athenian was put up in the yard, and knocked down to Mr. Forth for 370 guineas.

Ascot Heath Races.—The Earl of Errol, Master of the Royal Buck Hounds, intends to make Ascot races *good*. He has appointed a new, active, and knowing clerk of the course, and will have as his own co-steward, the senior steward of the Jockey Club. A grand stand will, probably, be erected. New plates will be run for—the Oatlands will be increased by £100. Some Produce Stakes will be added, and, in a word, Ascot will be what it should be, and has *not* been. It is a fine course, circular, and two miles. If Lord Errol's contemplated reforms be proceeded with, Ascot will be inferior to no meeting but Newmarket, Goodwood, and Doncaster.

One of the stakes at Lee Greenwich races (Aug. 16) is an "*American Trotting Sweepstakes*," of £1 each, for a silver cup of 50*l*., open to all England, to trot 1½ mile.

One of the best mares on the turf is J. Scott's Cyprian, by Partisan, out of Frailty. She has this year travelled no less than a distance of 622 miles, and won three races, all that she was entered for this year, (including the Oaks at Epsom), in all amounting to 3,140*l*., in the short space of ten weeks, as the following statement will show:—

"April 14th she won the filly stakes of 60*l*. at Malton; from thence she travelled to Leatherhead, in Surrey, won the Oaks Stakes of 2,750*l*. at Epsom on the 20th of May; from Leatherhead she travelled to Black Hambleton, and from thence to Newcastle, and on the 22d of June won the Northumberland Plate of 330*l*.; from thence she returned to her own stable at Whitewall-corner, on the 26th of June, after an absence of ten weeks only. From Malton to Leatherhead, 236 miles; Leatherhead to Hamb'eton, 241; Hambleton to Newcastle stables, 62; Newcastle to Whitewall-corner, 83.—Total, 622 miles, and 3,140*l*. won."

The *York Herald* states that—

"During the autumn of last year, Lord Jersey sold his colt, Ibrahim, by Sultan, out of sister to Cobweb, by Phantom, to Lord George Seymour, for 100gs. Lord George sent him to France, where his excellence and superiority has been fully exhibited by his beating all horses that could be brought against him in that country, independent of his winnings in England, when three years old, which amounted to no less a sum than 4,875*l*. Mr. Kirby, of York, has purchased this superior horse, and has gone to France for the purpose of bringing him back to this country, where he intends putting him to the stud, to which, from his fine symmetry, size, and excellent pedigree, (being brother in blood to Bay Middleton,) he cannot fail to prove a great desideratum; his blood being well calculated to cross with almost all the brood mares in the North of England."

Two very fine fillies, by Humphrey Clinker, one two years old, and the other three, from Mr. Allen's stud, at Malton, have been purchased at high prices, for Alabama, America, and have been shipped at Liverpool.

Glencoe leaves Liverpool in ten days or a fortnight for America.

All England is cricket-mad. There are 24 cricket clubs in Liverpool. Last week a great match came off at Lord's cricket ground, London:—the North of England players against those of the South. The match was won by *North*: the score being 167 to 166:—North players having six wickets to go down. The Return match takes place at Leicester, Aug. 22. This is the only recent cricket match worth noticing.

There are many pigeon-shooting matches coming off: but none of any importance.

The yacht clubs are in full operation, and next month will see many regattas in England, Ireland, and Scotland. The port of Plymouth Royal Regatta commences to day, and lasts three days: there are about 20 prizes.

Mr. Robinson, who lately was the conqueror in a rowing match against time, from London to Gravesend, and back, has made a fresh match. He is the best amateur rower in England. The new match is this:—To row, with a waterman's aid, double sculls, from Margate Pier to London Bridge, (90 miles) in 12 hours;—of this about 5 miles must necessarily be rowed against the tide. The odds against him are 5 to 1. The match to come off before October. It is supposed that nothing but a dead calm can allow Robinson to win. Ben Lewis, the best waterman on the Thames, accompanies him.

Nothing worth mention doing in the Prize ring. Pugilism is at a discount.

Liverpool is alive with theatrical people. Flynn is here with a batch, for New York, to shine at "The National." Brough, (who goes back to America in November,) H. Horncastle, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley (who leave for New York on August 1), Harry Wallack, who is not engaged, but, no doubt, *acts* in private, and Miss Turpin, married a fortnight since to said Harry Wallack.

THE START AT EPSOM.

That there was much discontent created by the Start at Epsom for the Derby "nobody can deny." Allow me, therefore, through the medium of your pages, to offer a few remarks, in the hope to remedy the evil so justly complained of.—I have, I may say for years, witnessed with disgust the wretched system of starting the horses at this great Metropolitan Meeting, which ought to set an example worthy of imitation throughout the provinces. Instead of "order" in their arrangements, "disorder" seems to rule the roast; and everything that is calculated to destroy the chance of a warm-tempered horse winning, seems the prevailing custom—"more honored in the breach than in the observance." Noise and confusion, with a tolerable sprinkling of the vulgar tongue, usurp the place of quietness and decorum. I contend that every horse should have an equal chance; and in some measure to insure this obvious desideratum in a race, that everything likely to create disturbance or irritation should be avoided. I would, therefore, in the first place have the course entirely cleared as soon as the bell rings for saddling; whereas at present it only seems a signal for the multitude to throng to the very spot that should be prohibited ground except for the immediate actors in the scene. The hundred pounds paid for the police should insure the necessary precaution. Look at Doncaster—how widely different!—I am certain that, generally speaking, there are hundreds, nay I think I should not be far wrong were I to say thousands, on the starting ground at Epsom after the horses are mounted; and on the course, the jockeys, when taking their canter prior to the race, being obliged to shout with all their might for the people to get out of their way, naturally greatly excites irritable horses; and, by losing their temper, destroys their chance for the race, beating themselves before they can be got off.—With respect to the start this year, I am of opinion that the mistake laid more with the uncertainty of the jockeys as to whether it was or was not a start, than with the start itself. There cannot exist a doubt of its being difficult to get as many as a score of young horses together in such form that every one shall get equally well off; but if it can be done at Doncaster, it certainly can be done at Epsom: and what is more, without a word being spoken except the word "off." I would suggest that there be about a dozen small white wands, or posts, so slight that should a horse happen to run against any one of them, it should give way: let these be placed down the centre of the course from the starting post as far as may be considered requisite: when all are ready, let some appointed person go down with them on the near side, and see that they all turn round the farthest post: let them keep well together until opposite the starter; and if he (the starter) is of opinion they are all sufficiently together, let them go; if he thinks otherwise, go down again, and round the posts as before. I should by all means have the flags, as they form an excellent signal as to whether it is a start or no, as well as doing away with the abominable practice, as now made use of, of a hundred persons calling "go," and as many calling them back; by which many jockeys who are ordered to make running, frequently get to the top of the hill before they know what to do. Should any of your readers suggest a better plan as an amendment to this, I hope they will immediately forward it to you, that it may have publicity in the proper quarter; but that something must be done there connot be a question. Equiso. London Sporting Magazine.

Ascot Heath Races.—The Earl of Errol has commenced the reformation of these races with a determination which cannot fail to be productive of the best results. Every individual formerly in office has been dismissed, and an active and efficient clerk of the course appointed in the person of Mr. Hibberd, of Egham. A number of workmen are already employed in making the necessary improvements to the course. A new set of rails and posts will be put up, and a second line (commencing from the distance to beyond the winning post) for carriages. The money given away will be more than treble the amount of the last meeting, and will include a £100 plate from the town of Windsor—(its subscription this year was about half as many shillings)—a similar one from the ground landlord of the betting stand, plates from the county and borough Members, and other contributions, sufficient to ensure five or six races per day. There are already 32 subscribers to the cup, and 45 to the Workingham for next year, several produce stakes, &c., and we have no doubt that the sporting world will show their sense of Lord Errol's exertions by sending their horses, and in other respects doing all in their power to secure the prosperity of the races. Bell's Life in London.

A bet between Lord Henry Seymour and Major Frazer came off on Saturday morning week. The Major was to ride with post horses from Paris to Brussels and back in 36 hours; but he did not perform the distance in that time, as he was greatly impeded on the road for want of horses. In going, he was detained a considerable time at one post-house, and in coming back he and the courier were obliged to ride several stages in a cariole. These were not the only difficulties he had to encounter; therefore, the Committee of the Jockey Club, after taking all these circumstances into consideration, has declared the engagement null and void, and decided that the Major is to repeat this no very easy task. In consequence all the bets remain in statu quo. Galignani's Messenger.

Eagle Fight.—A singular occurrence took place a few days ago near Newtoncunningham. A pair of eagles, supposed to be of the male kind, met and encountered in the air, closing together so fiercely that both came to the ground, where they were continuing the conflict, when a young man named Montgomery, in whose field they fell, accompanied by some other persons, captured one of them, which appeared injured. The other, on their approach, put himself in a posture of defence, and so intimidated his assailants that they feared to advance upon him, until he was able to fly away. The other was secured by a chain, the royal bird, however, was not 24 hours a prisoner, for, on recovering its strength, it succeeded in breaking its fetters, and escaped. It measured about six feet four inches between the tips of the wings, and was of a light grey color. Irish paper.

It is rumored that Col. Peel lately lost a bet to Gully under rather ludicrous circumstances. He offered some extravagant odds against a horse, in a laughing manner, to the knowing one, which he, after leaving the Colonel, accordingly booked. After the race had been run, Gully took care to remind the Colonel of the bet, at which the latter, who did not really intend the bet, expressed some surprise, adding that he "only meant it as a joke." "Well, Colonel," said the other, "I accepted the bet merely to show you how well I can take a joke." This was a joke in sad earnest.

Cyprian.—This excellent mare has this year travelled no less than a distance of 622 miles, and won three races (including the Oaks at Epsom), in all amounting to £3,140, in the short space of ten weeks, as the following statement will show:—

	MILES.	SUMS WON.
April 14th, at Malton	——	£60 0 0
Travelled to Leatherhead, Surrey, and won the Oaks Stakes, May 20th	236	2750 0 0
Travelled back to Hambleton	241	——
Travelled from Hambleton to Newcastle	62	330 0 0
Returned to Whitehall Corner, near Malton, June 26th	83	——

She was bred by J. Scott, her owner, and was got by Partisan, out of Frailty.

Jack Scroggins and Hydrophobia.—Poor Jack, on his return from the Duke of Buccleuch's, where he was not admitted, was found on Tuesday morning in a rabid state, at Charing Cross, by two policemen of the F. division. He was foaming at the mouth, and evidently in a state of feverish excitement. The policemen humanely took him to the pump, and endeavored to induce him to drink some water—but all in vain, he shuddered violently, and could not be induced to swallow a drop. He was then taken on a stretcher to Charing Cross Hospital, where he was received as a patient afflicted with hydrophobia. Attempts were again made to induce him to swallow water, but in vain; he evinced the most decided repugnance to that beverage,—and flung the vessel in which it was at the head of the Assistant-Surgeon. Melancholy forebodings of his fate were entertained by all till a nurse came into the ward, and at once recognized Jack as an old acquaintance. She was told of his fatal symptoms, and instantly exclaimed—"Aye, I know he has had the hydrophobia all his life, but try gin." A quartern was immediately sent for, and placed within smelling distance of Jack's olfactories. A favorable change was instantly perceived—he licked his parched lips with his saw-dust tongue; and holding out his hand for the proffered cup, drank off the contents at one gulp; exclaiming, on drawing his breath, "Aye, that's summat like, but blow your water—it won't suit my complaint." A second dose made Jack "himself again," and his "old woman" being sent for, he toddled off with her in high glee.

Jack Scroggins presented himself for admission at the Duchess of Buccleuch's, "at home," on Monday night; but having borrowed a pair of "tights," which were too small, and which burst in an obvious position, he was refused admission. He retired in high dudgeon to the Ship and Shovel, in Scotland Yard, where he run up a score, and desired the account to be sent in to the Duke, one of whose intended guests he said he was. The Duke, with great generosity, directed his Steward to pay "the shot."

We believe Mr. Osbaldeston, in his two hundred mile match, did not ride more than two horses which were not thorough bred.

Mr. Peirse won the St. Leger two successive years, 1817 and 1818, with Ebor and Reveller.

In what year did Tarrare win the St. Leger?—1826.

To our knowledge no horse, gelding, or mare has trotted twenty miles within the hour.

Deaf Burke is twenty-three years of age, and weighs thirteen stone. He is now in America, and we hear Tommy Roundhead, his prime minister, is about to follow him.

Pedestrianism.—A sailor, assuming the cognomen of "the Wiltshire Youth," undertook to walk 14 miles in two hours, at Barnet, on the 6th inst. He started from Mr. Koe's, the Edinburgh Castle Inn, at ten minutes past two o'clock (the ground selected being one mile along the north road); he accomplished eight miles within the first hour, and finished the whole distance within eleven and a half minutes of the given time. Betting was at first against him, not only on account of the difficulty of the undertaking itself, but on account of that difficulty being increased by the extreme heat of the weather. His companion stated that in March last the same individual started on foot, with the mail from Warminster, and reached Devizes ten minutes before the mail arrived there. Herts County Press.

["Seeing is believing," and until we see the Wiltshire Youth walk eight, or even seven miles within the hour, we take leave to doubt the performance; and so for walking 14 miles within two hours—it is "all my eye." Ed. Bell's Life.

The engagement of Malibran terminates finally on Saturday, as she sails, per playbill, on Sunday morning for Brussels. She has been playing as beautifully as ever this last week *in* the theatre—not quite so successful *out* of it. She has had a *cast* in one of her equestrian exertions—her companion had one before they set off. She should stick to singing, and leave horse-riding to those who are fit for nothing else—such as the Lord in question. London Age, July 10.

The late Mr. Powell was the father of the stage; he died in America at an advanced age, sincerely regretted by his friends and relatives. Chippendale of Drury Lane is now the oldest actor, and has but recently declared on the fund. Ib.

The Brighton Theatre is to be sold. An excellent opportunity for Mr. Paumier, Mr. George Jones, or Mr. Willis Jones, to become a manager. The latter, we hear, is in treaty for one of the theatres in Paris, where he intends to enact. Forrest, the American tragedian, will also appear there in the event of Mr. Jones succeeding. Ib.

Dowton has arrived in America, and made his bow to the Yankees at the Park Theatre. He has appeared in the characters of *Sir Anthony Absolute* and *Sir John Falstaff*, but, like John Reeve, has not hit them hard at first. However, there is no doubt but he will please them when they become better acquainted with his style. Ib.

The Woods are in England, and have proceeded to Yorkshire on a visit to Mr. Wood's relations. Ib.

Mr. W. Chippendale, who, as a comedian, has gained a high reputation in the provinces, has been engaged by Mr. Price, the American manager. Mr. Chippendale proceeded to New York a few days since. Bell's Life in London, 17th July.

Madame Vestris has turned 40 years of age.

There are three Patent theatres in London. The Haymarket is one.

A Lady in an Iron Mask.—Among the numerous curiosities in the Castle of Steinberg I shall only mention one. It was a very thin but strong iron mask, with clasps and locks of the same metal, of which a redoubted baron of olden times is said to have made frequent use. It appears that he had a very handsome wife, who was sadly coquettish, and more fond of exhibiting her pretty face than he at all approved of. Whenever he stirred from home, therefore, he was wont to encase his slippery partner's head in this iron mask, and put the key in his pocket. Tradition says that the gentleman mistook the application, and quite misplaced the protection, as the lady, though she could not exhibit the light of her countenance to her lovers, whispered still softer endearments through the bars, and in the end taught the foolish noble that in love, as in war, physical obstacles, so far from keeping out an invading enemy, generally serve as his best stepping-stones to conquest. Winter in Lower Styria.

We have read an account of an Italian bandit of the name of Gasparone, now living, who has committed "one hundred and forty-five murders, besides rapes and other crimes." This is certainly enough for one man, and we think there would be a difficulty in finding his equal. The party detailing the circumstance observes that "he has long been an annoyance." We might suspect as much; indeed, we could not believe to the contrary: but the modesty of the writer in merely designating his crimes as an annoyance has our special praise.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION.—Captain Back sailed on Tuesday se'nnight from Chatham, in command of his Majesty's ship Terror, on his expedition to Wager River, on the south-west of Sir Thomas Rose's Welcome, with a crew of sixty men. The officers under him are Lieutenant Smythe, who lately made an interesting excursion up the rivers Amazon and Negro, with Lieutenants Stanley and M'Murdo, and Mr. Donovan, as surgeon. His return may either be expected next November, or the same month in the next year.

The Pilote de Calvada affords us the following amusing anecdote:—"An old officer of rank died lately in the Canton of Harcourt, bequeathing a large fortune to his nephew, on condition that he married within twelve months, but not a young lady to whom he was known by the testator to be attached. The year was drawing near to a conclusion, when the nephew took the expedient of marrying an old woman of 85, with whom he, of course, does not cohabit, but whose poverty he has converted into comparative affluence. The two lovers are waiting anxiously for the death of the good old woman."

It is affirmed that Napoleon, during the eleven years of his reign, sacrificed to his ambition 5,490,000 men, which surpasses the numbers which the civil wars carried off during three centuries; comprising the reigns of John, Charles V., Charles VI., Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., and Henry IV. In the last year of his reign, Napoleon levied, independent of the National Guard, 1,300,000, which is more than 100,000 per month.

The *Swabian Mercury* states, that the fine Palace of the Counts of Coronin, in Illyria, has been hired for one of the branches of the Bourbon family, and it appears to be certain that it is for the branch residing at Prague. The town of Goaz, in Illyria, has been proposed as a residence for the family of Don Carlos, now at Laybach, but as the Princess of Beira prefers the latter town, it must be for Charles X. This Princess lives in a very retired manner, and it may be said, almost too much like a private individual, compared with the elder branch, which at Prague keeps up a kind of Royal state. The Princess goes on foot to mass every morning, does not dress with any style, and would hardly be remarked.

The late Duke of Gordon has left to the Duchess 80,000*l.* in money on the estate, and 5,000*l.* a year for life, with Huntley Lodge as a jointure house. He has bequeathed Kinrara, Glenfiditch, and 2,000*l.* a year to the Dowager Duchess of Richmond for life. The remainder to the Duke of Richmond, and will constitute an ample fortune, with a princely residence.

A terrible event took place at St. Petersburgh, on the occasion of a wedding. After the ceremony the bridegroom was standing by the side of the bride at the door of the church, waiting for their carriage, when a man rushed through the crowd and stabbed him with a dagger. It was a Colonel whose sister had been seduced by the bridegroom under a promise of marriage.

Cockchafers, it appears, are likely to become a new article of commerce. A society, formed at Quedlinburgh, has had nearly 19,000,000 of these insects caught for the purpose of extracting oil from them. An essay of this kind has been made in Hungary, by which three measures of oil are obtained from eight measures of cockchafers. The insects are placed in earthen pots, which are covered with straw, or a cloth of metal wire, which are then turned up over a heated vessel, destined to receive the oil that comes from them. Their oil is good for greasing wheels.

On Wednesday was shot, at Knightsbridge barracks, poor old Jack, the only remaining horse in the Second Regiment of Life Guards at the battle of Waterloo. Jack carried his master through the perils of that day safely, and escaped safely himself without wound or cut. At every commemoration Jack was dressed in laurels and paraded proudly in front. On the 18th of this month he was again honored; but, alas! it was destined to be his last glory. Age was fast coming on him, his legs swelled, his eyes got dim: but we are perfectly sure he was quite aware when the 18th of June returned, and why he was adorned with laurels.

LONDON POLICE.—London, under the police system of Sir Robert Peel, is the best governed city in the world, and yet the policeman has not a weapon in his hands. Politeness—Address is the weapon with which he acts. If two persons are quarrelling, and a crowd is gathering, he steps up as an uninterested party, and calmly asks if he cannot settle the difference, with a "let me be the judge, gentlemen, or sir." Knowing all the regulations of the city, a word from him is law with the coachman, and a sign from him, a single motion of his finger, will keep in order a line of carriages a mile long. If a stranger seeks to find out a place, or a citizen an obscure part of the town, he accompanies him, or directs him with pleasure. Thus the police being made polite and useful, becomes popular too. Their moral strength is double that of their physical power.

A GOOD MATCH.—A few days since, the widow of the late Mr. Thwaites the grocer and tea dealer in Fenchurch-street, who, on his demise bequeathed to her the bulk of his property, amounting to half a million sterling, has been married to Mr. Smith, a Stock broker, and a member of the Stock Exchange. Mrs. Thwaites, who at one time had been but a domestic in the service of her former husband, has settled £100,000 on her fortunate suitor and his two daughters of a former marriage.

ST. SEBASTIAN'S DAY IN SPAIN.—The custom alluded to by Horace of sticking a tail (says a modern traveller), is still practised by the boys in Spain, to the great annoyance of old ladies, who are generally the objects of this sport. One of the ragged striplings that wander in crowds about the streets of Seville, having tagged a piece of paper with a hooked pin, and stolen, unperceived, behind some slow-paced female, as, wrapped up in her veil, she tells the beads she carries in her left hand, fastens the paper tail on the back of the black or walking petticoat called saya. The whole of the boys, who, at a convenient distance, have watched the dexterity of their companion, set up a loud cry of "Largalo, largalo"—"drop it, drop it." This makes every female in the street look to the rear, which they well know is the fixed point of attack with the merry light troops. The alarm continues till some friendly hand relieves the victim of sport, who spinning and nodding like a spent top, tries in vain to catch a glance at the fast-pinned paper, unmindful of the physical law which forbids her head revolving faster than the great orbit on which the ominous comet flies.

LADY'S ROCK.—Near the old castle of Duart, in the Isle of Mull, rises on a level with the water the small island or rock called the Lady's Rock; which name is said to have originated in the following adventure: Maclean, Lord of Duart, having married a sister of the Earl of Argyle, and suspecting his wife of infidelity, exposed his wife on this rock to be devoured by the monsters of the ocean, or engulphed by the tide. This lovely unfortunate victim of the jealousy of Maclean, saw the waves approaching which were about to bury her in the deep, the sea having already reached the summit of the rock; when a fortunate chance brought a boat into the strait, in which was Argyle himself. The cries of a female led him towards the rock; he recognised his sister, and having rescued her, bore her to his castle. He afterwards avenged her wrongs by killing her persecutor in a desperate combat fought in the presence of the King of Scotland.

A CARD.

TO protect the property of my children, acquired by a life of industry and assiduity, I feel it necessary to retire from that state of society, in which there is no security for property, or even for person. J. SCHOLS.

Wallabout, July 20, 1836.

N.B. Mr. Sheriff may levy as soon as he pleases, and assist me in the disposal of my personal property prior to my departure. a 6-3t.

ANOTHER CARD.

SAID a father to his son, who complained bitterly of having been stung by a nettle, "you should have handled it strongly, and you would not have been hurt by it." That a certain party predominate here, dividing the spoils *corruptedly* increasing every day; and carrying their *pestiferous* influence and plots, to the ruin of private families and individuals, arises from the same cause, namely: their opponents know not how to treat them. I have been that odious creature, to the little minds, a manufactured citizen, that meddled not. Had you been a Jackson man, said a person to me, the award in a certain recent case, instead of being $1,500, would have been six cents or less. "*Yet I have voted for no one.*" Nor did I intend to write upon politics in this country; but the iron hand of political oppression has been fixed on me; and I mean, in a PAMPHLET, to publish, if not my farewell, at least my inaugurate address, before I go. Want of genius reduces, would be, aspiring men, to low shifts, and designations of those, with whose intelligence they cannot compete, and consequently whose character they cannot read. My last, and for which I believe I am indebted to Davis, of the New York Times, is I think, That eccentric being,

JAMES SCHOLS.

a 6-3t.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do	4 00	Cross Bow, quarts	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	1 00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	2 00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	3 00	Do. pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range, and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
MPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES.
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING, AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c. &c.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, the Drama will claim all our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an unflring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our columns to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and reassure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest.	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton.	John Sefton.	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe.	Louisa A. Phillips.	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott.	Henry James Hackett.	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler.	Fanny A. Drake.	George H. Hill,
John Fisher.	Joseph M. Field.	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle.	Henry Placide.	Charlotte Watson.
Joseph Wood.	Mary Vos.	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood.	James W. Wallack.	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn.	Elizabeth Chapman.	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff.	Charles Booth Parsons.	John Barnes,
John Mason.	William F. Gates.	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance) $5 00
For Six Months. 2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines. $3 00
Each subsequent insertion. 0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 21, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE entire number of the American Monthly Magazine for August, was consumed by the late fire in Gold-street. Another number is already in progress, and will be issued early in the month, after which it will be published as usual on the first day of each month.

a 6. GEO. DEARBORN, Publisher, 55 Gold-street.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

WANTED.

BY a young man, who can procure the most undoubted security and references, a situation as Book-keeper or assistant, or Collecting Clerk. The advertiser has many advantages, and would make himself generally useful. Please address M. P. 147 Fulton street.

WANTED,

A PARTNER, in the Porter, Ale, and Wine Bottling Business. Any person having a few hundred dollars, would find it their interest to embark in the above, as the advertiser has first rate connexions, and will embark a suitable capital.

Address J. P. at 296 Pearl street, stating real name and where an interview may be had.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham.
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,		J. P. Dean.	

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner sof such goods, freight, baggage &c.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Meara, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞ The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them: it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

D. L. P. WHILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec On the 1st day will come off a
"	Match, Four mile heats, $500 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*
Alexandria, La	Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Consuma*. Rapides Course, 15th Dec
"	Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake: *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*. Rapides Course, 15th Dec
Appomattox, Va	Jockey Club, Mt. Clement Course, 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept —1st day.
"	Match, Three mile heats, $[illegible] aside; *Rosin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cain*
Botetourt, Va	Annual Fall meeting, Big Lick Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept
Baltimore, Md	Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct
"	Match, $[illegible] aside, [illegible] *Decatur*, vs. *Cat* [illegible] 2d day of spr meeting 1837.
"	Fall meeting, second Tuesday, 12th Sept
Belfield, Va	Jockey Club, Olympian Spring Course, last Thursday, 29th Sept
Bath, Ky	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Oct
Bean's Station, Ten	Jockey Club, Free Hill Course, Ann. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, Sept 27
Broad Rock, Va	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 13th of Sept
Culpeper C. H. Va	Spring Hill Association. Time changed to last Thursday, 25th Aug
Crab Orchard, Ky	[illegible] Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 26th Sept. On the 1st day, a
Charlestown, Va	Match, $100 a side, —— heats, *Charles Scott*, vs. *Floranda*
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov
Davison's Course	Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept
Danville, Va	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct
Diamond Grove, Va	Jockey Club, [illegible] Course, Wednesday, 21st Sept
Franklin, La	Match, Four mile heats, $[illegible] aside, *Star of the West* vs. *Mercenu*. [illegible] Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837
Florence, Al	Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 24th Oct
Frankfort, Ky	Jockey Club, Annual Fall Meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d Nov
Fairfield, Va	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct
"	Match 1st day, $[illegible] aside, [illegible] *Margaret Armistead*
"	Match 2d day, $[illegible] aside, 2 m hts [illegible] vs. B. f., both by Sir Charles
Frederick City, Md	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept
Gallatin, Ten	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept
Hartsville, Tenn	Jockey Club, Central Course, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept
Jackson, Tenn	District Course, Club Meeting, First Meeting in Oct
Kendall Course, Md	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct
Louisville, Ky	Association, Oakland Course, First Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept Second Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct
"	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Angora* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., 3d Wednesday, 21st Sept. Oakland Course
Lynchburg, Va	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept
Lexington, Ky	Oakland Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct
Moscow, Tenn	Regular Annual Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept
Mt. Pleasant, Tenn	Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
Montreal, L. C.	Turf Club, Annual meeting, last Tuesday, 30th Aug
Madison, Ky	Association, Annual Fall meeting, Thursday, 1st Sept
New York City	Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct
Natchez, Miss	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb 27th, 1837
"	Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837
"	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. Imp. b. c. by Longwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837
"	Match, Mile heats, $2000 aside; full bro. to Naked Truth, vs. Imp. f. by Muley; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
"	Match, $5000 a side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837 [Day and distance not declared.]
"	Match, $2000 a side, h. ft., Two mile heats, *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837
Nashville, Tenn	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept
"	Match —heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Norfolk, Va	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Monday, 19th Sept
Newberry, S. C.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Oxford, N. C.	Wednesday, 19th Oct
Pittsburgh, Pa	Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept
Prince Edward, Va	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept
Richmond, Ky	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Thursday, 1st Sept
Rocky Mount, Va	Jockey Club, 5th Tuesday, 30th Aug.
St. Louis, Mo	Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct
Tree Hill, Va	Near Richmond, Jockey Club, Ann. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept
Upper Marlboro, Md	Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct. On the 1st day, a
"	Match, —heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Camilla*, vs. *Charles Magic*.
"	Match, —heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Sumpter*, Saturday, 8th Oct., last day of Fall meeting
Washington, D. C.	National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

A few evening's since, as a young lady was hastily adjusting her dress, preparatory to attending the "public" at the ——, a gentleman remarked that she appeard all *bustle*. Miss, thinking he alluded to the "pad of cotton," caught up a volume of "Chesterfield on Politeness," and threw it at his head. He apologised and retired.
Dedham Patriot.

The Tioga Phœnix offers the following premium for the best comical story of not less than three columns:—"One hundred acres of *wild land*, away beyond Pine Creek, where the sun don't rise till noon—where cascades are beautiful, mountains sublime, and solitude eternal."
Ib.

A Good Cow.—An eastern editor mentions a cow in Delaware, that enables the dairy-maid to make, on an average, twenty pounds of butter weekly. A Boston editor exclaims, "a constellation in the *milky-way*."

After a marriage in Connecticut, the bridegroom took the parson aside most mysteriously, and whispered to him, "Can't you take the pay out in taters?"

The New York Sun's moon hoax has been translated into the Chinese language, and the editor has received two boxes of tea as a compliment to his ingenuity. Mr. Locke is not quite satisfied, however, but insists on being made a bashaw with three tails.

A large blue-nosed shark was caught in the harbor at Newburyport a day or two since, where the boys are in the habit of bathing. Our Mayor had better buy him and put him into the Frog Pond, to keep strangers out of it.
Boston Morning Post.

Finn's benefit at New Bedford on Friday night was a squeezer. He made a speech at the conclusion of the performances, which the Gazette says was "very funny."
Ib.

Powerful.—The Baltimore Transcript says that a cork flew from a bottle of mead in that city the other day, and upset a horse and gig!
Ib.

Absence of Mind.—An elderly gentleman of Boston recently tied himself up in a handkerchief, and went to the washerwoman's, instead of his dirty shirt, and was not sensible of the change until immersed in the scalding hot water.
Herald.

A Hard Case.—When Mr. J—— was in the debtors' prison at Bristol, his wife wrote thus, enumerating his sufferings:—"He is allowed no visitors on Sunday; and *worse than that*, he is obliged to go to church—a thing which you know he, poor fellow, has never been accustomed to!"

The value of married men.—"A little more animation, my dear," whispered lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

A man who was noted for his parsimonious habits was peculiar among other things for taking the skin off all animals that fell in his way, such as cats, dogs, rats, &c. His children were acquainted with this practice of their father's, and skinning of all dead animals were as familiar to them as household words. His mother residing in the family, happened to die, and while the lifeless corpse lay unmolested and unskinned, the children with one burst of astonishment and surprise, exclaimed, "Mother, when is father going to skin granny!"

A Happy Compliment.—One of our contemporaries in speaking of a brother journalist of New York, a recent Benedict,—observes of his *cara sposa*:—"If she makes half as good a wife as he does a newspaper, she must be one of the very best in the united state [U. S.]

An honest dame in the town of ——, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in "piteous tones" his untimely departure, observed—"It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as ever they was."

The most lucky incident on record is that of a poor and aged woman, who earned a scanty maintenance by knitting. On coming one day to 'the end of her worsted,' she found the ball had been wound on a piece of an old newspaper, which curiosity led her to read, and she discovered that it contained an advertisement respecting herself, as heir to a large property.

A Bad Complaint.—The Sunday News tells the following:—A perfumed, whiskered dandy on board of one of the North River boats, complaining to the passengers of his ill health, and the chance of his dying soon, said that he was going to the Springs as the last resort. "It's no use," said a lantern-jawed youth from down east, who happened to be one of his hearers, "It's no use, young man, them springs ain't the thing for your case." "Why, what do you know about it?" asked the hero. "Why, I know this, that a fellow went to the springs from our neighborhood with just such a complaint as yours, and he came back worse than he was before." "Why what do you think is the matter with me?" "Oh, it's plain enough, any body can see that you are troubled with the *shallows*."

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER
FOR AUGUST, 1836.—Vol. I. No. IX.

CONTENTS.

Original Prose.—Sketches of the History and Present Condition of Tripoli, with some account of the other Barbary Powers, No. XI. By Robert Greenhow. . . . 525
The Right of Instruction. By Judge Jos. Hopkinson. . . . 530
A Reminiscence. By Dr. Francis Lieber, Editor of the Encyclopædia Americana. . 535
Piscatory Reminiscences. . . . 538
Judgment of Rhadamanthus. By James K. Paulding. . . . 539
Scenes in Campilla. By Lieut. A. Slidell, author of "A Year in Spain." . . . 540
The Battle of Lodi. By Major Henry Lee, author of "Life of Napoleon." . . . 541
British Parliament in 1835, No. II.—The House of Lords . . . 547
Influence of Names. . . . 549
A Hint touching the Greek Drama. . . . 552
A Tour to the Isthmus—Filled in from the Pencillings of an English Artist. By a Yankee Dauber . . . 554
The Learned Languages. By Mathew Carey . . . 557
Fourth Lecture of the Course on the Obstacles and Hindrances to Education, arising from the Peculiar Faults of Parents, Teachers and Scholars, and that portion of the Public immediately concerned in directing and controlling our Literary Institutions. By James M. Garnett. . . . 561
A Case not to be found in any of the Books. . . . 568
MSS. of John Randolph of Roanoke. . . . 568
A Polite Struggle. . . . 571
A Profession for Ladies. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. . . . 571
Original Poetry.—The Ruler's Faith. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney . . . 525
Stanzas. By W. Gilmore Simms, author of the "Partisan," &c. . . . 530
To —— By W. Gilmore Simms. . . . 535
The Old Man's Carousal. By James K. Paulding . . . 538
Israfel. By Edgar A. Poe . . . 539
The Pine Wood—A Song written in Georgia. By Dr. Robert M. Bird, author of "Calavar," &c. . . . 541
Marcus Curtius. By Omega . . . 545
To a Tortoise-Shell Comb. By Mrs. E. F. Ellett . . . 549
The City of Sin. By Edgar A. Poe. . . . 552
Sacred Song. By William Maxwell . . . 554
Lines. By P. P. Cooke. . . . 557
Editorial.—Right of Instruction. . . . 573
Pinakidia . . . 573
Critical Notices—The Old World and the New: or a Journal of Reflections and Observations made on a Tour in Europe. By the Rev. Orville Dewey . . . 582
Richardson's Dictionary. A New Dictionary of the English Language. By Charles Richardson . . . 583
The Book of Gems. The Poets and Artists of Great Britain. Edited by S. C. Hall. . 584
South-Sea Expedition. Report of the Committee on Naval Affairs, to whom was referred Memorials from sundry Citizens of Connecticut interested in the Whale Fishing, praying that an Exploring Expedition be fitted out to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas. . . . 587
Ēkeswatawa: or the Prophet of the West. . . . 589
The Virginia Springs. Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs—the Roads leading thereto, and the doings thereat. Collected, Corrected, Annotated, and Edited, by Peregrine Prolix. With a Map of Virginia . . . 592
A Year in Spain. By a Young American. Third edition, enlarged. . . . 593
Adventures in Search of a Horse. The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse. By Caveat Emptor, Gent., One, &c. . . . 593
Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf. By the author of the "South-West" . . . 593
Draper's Lecture. Introductory Lecture to a Course of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. Delivered in Hampden Sidney College, by John W. Draper, M. D. . . 596
Lieber's Memorial. Memorial of Francis Lieber, Professor of History and Political Economy in the South Carolina College, relative to Proposals for a Work on the Statistics of the United States. . . . 596
History of Texas. The History of Texas, or the Emigrant's, Farmer's, and Politician's Guide to the Character, Climate, Soil, and Productions of that Country, &c. &c. &c. By David B. Edward. . . . 597
Inklings of Adventure. By the author of "Pencillings by the Way." . . . 597
Autography—Embracing the fac similes of the signatures of Sparks, Willis, Miss Gould, Professor Dewey, Noah, Mellen, Simms, Slidell, Professor Anthon, Dr. Lieber, Mrs. Hale, Jack Downing, Stone, and Fay. . . . 601

Richmond, Va.: T. W. White, Printer and Proprietor, opposite the Bell Tavern. [a 27

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N. B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.
Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE STAKE of $300, forfeit, $100, two mile heats, to run 2d Fall meeting, 1836, closed 1st of August.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. B. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
2. R. F. Stockton names his colt "Bergen."
3. Also, his colt "Cumberland."
4. J. H. Vanmater names bl. c. "African," by Valentine, dam by Marshall Bertrand.

The Sweepstakes, Fall, 1836, 2d meeting, for 3 year olds *that never won a race*—2d in race to receive back stake if 5 start. Entrance, $300, forfeit $100. Closes 1st of September.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
2. Robt. Tillotson names ch. c. "Coronet," by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
3. J. S. Snedecor names Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon.
4. J. Bathgate names c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.

Aug. 11, 1836. [a 13] ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary*.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

A SWEEPSTAKES open to all trotting horses, three mile heats, under the saddle, subscription $500, h. ft., and $200 added by the proprietor, will be trotted for on the Centreville Trotting Course, about the 1st of October next. Three or more to make a race. To name and close on the 10th of September next, at 7 o'clock, P. M. Entries, half forfeit, to be made with the proprietor, at Randall Smith's, Park Row, 3d door above the Park Theatre. To be governed by the rules of the Course. JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

N. B. The sum of $200 will be paid by the Proprietor if two horses only shall start. Should all save one pay forfeit, then no addition will be made to the stakes by the Proprietor.
J. C.

Centreville, L. I. Aug. 13, 1836. a 13.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ruff, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunen, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—20th September.—First Day.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

Second Day.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

First Day.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

Second Day.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry*.

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol*. Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his engagements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1836, ch colt, by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Selim and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1835, got by Lord Egremont's Nimrod, by Whalebone, out of Thalestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo, in 182?, got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 1820, got by Partisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Buzzard, out of Dabchick, by PotSos—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Bell*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold) ch filley, 1835, and ch colt, 1836, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Pacolet mare, grandam by imported Diomed, she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan, and was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford mare, colt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lithgow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizell, Diomed, &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1833, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Durock, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1836, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Blucher, a son of Duroc, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Whalebone, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Cringle*, foaled at the Mills 11th March, 1832, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensville, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1834, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.
E. H. BOARDMAN.
Huntsville, July 19, 1836.

The Nashville Republican, Lexington Observer & Reporter, Mobile Register, Natchez Courier & Journal, Montgomery Journal, Georgia Courier, Augusta, and New York Spirit of the Times, will please insert the annexed advertisement once a week for six weeks, and send their papers for the time, and forward their accounts to the Advocate office, Huntsville, for payment. Each paper is requested to insert the printer's fee for advertising at the bottom.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, fall, 1836.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall, 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close the 1st of September, 1836.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, and as far south as the Rappahannock. To name and close by the 1st of September, 1836. Three or more to make a race.

3. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. free for colts that never won a race. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of September, 1836.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, spring 1837.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23 J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted) Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary*.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.
Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tuesday in October.

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.
R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. First Day.—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, Second Day—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary*.

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

June 13th, 1836. jy 23.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N. B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.
a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

For further information and examination of the boat, apply to
a 6-2t. JOHN W. GOULD, 71 Cedar-st.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.

July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.
2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.
3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.
4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.
5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.
6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.
7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address
JESSE W. SEAMAN,
july 2 Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance.	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance.	2 50
The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—	
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*.	$3 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*.	50
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*.	$2 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*.	37½

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (14 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.